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THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN on Capitol Hill. The extra session of the new Congress has begun. Bills are pouring into the reservoir; laws will soon be running out of the spout. The House already has a bill before it providing for a Federal Farm Board with a $500,000,000 revolving fund to help agricultural cooperative associations. The measure should at least relieve a few swivel-chair farmers by providing them with nice city jobs. In the Senate there is some talk of a debenture scheme, which in effect would be a bounty on exports. The scheme is not likely to get far. Then, too, there will be tariff legislation to fry more fat for a favored few. Representative Hamilton Fish has a measure providing that in event of a war in which the United States declares its neutrality shipment of munitions to any belligerent shall be illegal unless by authorization of Congress. Probably the bill will not be considered at the present session, but together with the resolutions of Senator Capper and Representative Porter it presages discussion of this important subject in the near future. This is as it should be, for the subject has a vital bearing on international peace.

THE RUSH FOR TARIFF FAVORS continues—and with the usual hypocrisy. Thus the plate-glass manufacturers have demanded a higher tariff despite the fact that in response to their appeals President Coolidge and the Tariff Commission in January last increased the duty on small sizes from 12½ cents to 16 cents, on larger from 15 to 19 cents, and on the largest from 17½ to 22 cents. Today, three months later, the manufacturers are notifying Congress that their business is being "ruined by foreign competition." That sounds so interesting and tragic that it is worth while looking at the financial statement for 1928 of one of the large concerns, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. This poor little impoverished manufacturer notifies its stockholders that, after writing off $4,000,000 for depreciation, obsolescence, and depletion, and $1,200,000 for income-tax, it had left only a beggarly eight millions surplus, equivalent to $3.90 per share of common stock, par value $25. In other words, this company was allowed to earn only 15.6 per cent by its rapacious foreign competitors. Pity this poor mendicant and do urge Congress to drop still higher duties into its hat as it stands in rags at the doors of the Capitol!

NEXT WE BEHOLD THE BUSINESS of making surgical instruments weeping crocodile tears over its desperate plight. It is protected by an ad valorem duty of 45 per cent. It is demanding not only an ad valorem duty of 75 per cent, but in addition specific duties ranging from 12 cents per dozen to $7.20. On hypodermic syringes the business modestly requests a 235 per cent duty as against the present 65 per cent. The Clay-Adams Company of New York City, importers, in opposition, declares that these proposed enormous increases "will benefit only a very few *who are now very prosperous* without this increase, to the serious disadvantage and great expense of a very large number who cannot afford the burden." Among others protesting are the American Medical Association, the American College of Surgeons, the American Hospital Association, the Catholic Hospital Association, and other great organizations which are interested in keeping down the cost of illness. But the prosperous American manufacturers wish to take additional toll from 150,000 physicians, 50,000 dentists, 10,000 hospitals, and thousands of students. Finally, we have that ardent champion of peace, Senator Borah, telling the Canadians how impudent they are in daring to protest against our tariff and threaten reprisals. It is America first with him, and he is certain that only some people "of sentimental and impracticable philosophy may find fault with such a policy. But it is, after all, the foundation of national life and well-being." Well, we of that despised group, beg leave to notify Senator Borah that it *is* a concern of the conscience, humanity, and sound business sense of the United States whether we shall ruin many industries of our brothers across the Canadian line and infuriate them to the point where they will buy from merchants in our country just as little as they possibly can.


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OUR RELATIONS WITH CANADA, by the way, have not been improved by the decision of the Supreme Court which upholds the contention of the United States Government that foreign-born Canadians living along the border may not enter the United States for daily tasks and return to their homes at night. The purport of the law, says the Supreme Court, was plainly to protect American labor from alien workers, hence the many thousands who have been crossing at Detroit and elsewhere to work in the United States will have to stay on the other side of the line and get work in Canada if they can—perhaps in those many American factories which have, with magnificent inconsistency, been built just across the line in order to profit by Canadian conditions. It is doubtful if this law can be enforced; it does not seem possible that immigration inspectors will be able to make every man crossing by ferry-boat or train show his birth certificate each morning. Worse than that, the government has announced that it may deport no fewer than 200,000 French-Canadians now working in the mills of New England, after the new naturalization law goes into effect on July 1. As a matter of fact, all persons who have entered the country without proper entry papers since June 3, 1921, will be liable to expulsion. Those French-Canadians who immediately return without being deported will be examined at the border for direct reentry, since there is no quota regulation for Canadian born. Those who linger and are deported will not be allowed to enter the United States again. Thus proceeds the gentle game of making the United States beloved of its neighbors!

CAPTAIN RANDELL and the crew of the I'm Alone have been released from custody and the criminal charges against them have been dismissed. This act leaves the legality of the chase and sinking of the rum-runner still open to question; but it absolves the men on the boat of the offenses charged against them and thus presumably lays the United States open to damages for the loss of the vessel and a member of its crew. Meanwhile the Canadian Government has protested the sinking of the I'm Alone, calling the act inhuman and violent, and questioning the right of the American patrol service to sink ships inside or outside of the twelve-mile limit. It is probable that Canadian officials would be only too glad to see this question tested by arbitration. Certainly the incident has not served to increase Canada's eagerness to prevent the shipment of liquor destined for the United States, even though the Dominion has several times offered to allow United States officers to be stationed on the liquor-export docks on the Canadian side of the Detroit River to observe and report on cargoes.

THE LEVIATHAN as an American ship is also American soil and doubtless it properly comes under the provisions of the Constitutional prohibition against selling liquor. But since the federal enforcement act makes no mention of the sale of liquor aboard ships, the Leviathan will doubtless go on selling wine to as many of its passengers as can afford to buy it, at least until the Drys succeed in bringing about a change in the present law. Meantime Prohibition Commissioner Doran threatens to prosecute the new owners and the master of the Leviathan if the ship's limited supply of medicinal alcohol is sold for beverage purposes. It appears probable, therefore, that liquor will be dispensed more generously on the way from Europ where the stock can be legitimately replenished, than on th way over. Unless, of course, the Leviathan manages som how to park its bar outside the twelve-mile limit and the pick it up again on the outward-bound passage.

GERMAN SOCIALISTS in the Reichstag nearly cr ated a Cabinet crisis the other day when in a part caucus they flatly refused to support the government by vote for the 20,000,000 marks needed to continue the cor struction of Germany's new 9,000-ton cruiser with eleven inch guns that has been filling with despair the British an American Big Navy men. The new cruiser, smaller in ton nage than those being built by the United States and Grea Britain, is expected to be powerful enough to blow any o its competitors out of the water. The Socialists have bee expressing disapproval of cruiser "A" from time to time, bu it was not thought that they would actually refuse the appro priation. As a result of the caucus vote, only an appeal fron Chancellor Müller, himself a Socialist, to stand by th Government—a coalition of Socialist, German People's, Cen trist, Democratic, and Bavarian People's parties—until afte the reparations settlement has been finally made saved th Cabinet from defeat. At the same time Chancellor Mülle was able to strengthen his Cabinet by the addition of thre Centrist members. But since the vote on the Government' budget for 1929, in which is the cruiser appropriation, wil not come up until June, the Socialists have until then t fortify their position and place Germany far in advance ir the struggle for real disarmament.

THE GERMANS are following up the Russians a Geneva with a demand that the Allies cease haggling and boggling and begin to disarm in accordance with thei pledges in the Treaty of Versailles. That gives hope either that something will be accomplished or that the hypocrisy of the Allies and the impotency of the League of Nations will be properly set forth. Here are some of the admirable proposals of Germany: First, the absolute prohibition of "dropping from the air of any substance used in warfare," by which is meant gas bombs, high explosives, incendiary bombs, and chemical warfare. Next the Germans suggest that the problem of naval disarmament be tackled by a special subcommittee after the Preparatory Disarmament Commission adjourns, without regard to whether the great naval Powers reach an agreement. Gas warfare would be prohibited altogether, and also compulsory military service. The reduction and limitation of existing and future actual war material is urged. The Germans further ask limitation of officer-power rather than of man-power. Most striking, perhaps, is Count von Bernstorff's proposal that there be allotted to each nation a definite number of weapons, such as tanks, long-range guns, and airplanes. Coming from a country which leads in chemical industry, and is therefore capable of tremendous power in the chemical warfare field, the German plan has made a great impression at Geneva.

INTERESTING PROOF OF THE CHARGE made in an article by John Loomis in last week's *Nation*, entitled Who Owns the Daily Press, that the International Paper Company is buying up newspapers is afforded by a dispatch from Boston reporting that a one-half interest in the

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*Boston Herald*—and its evening edition in the same city, the *Traveler*—has been sold to the trust. The trust owns not only great paper mills and spruce forests in the United States and Canada, but also controls the New England Power Company and similar organizations. Naturally, if it can buy up a large number of American dailies it will not only be sure of its paper market, but will be in a position to control public opinion on power questions by the ownership of editorial pages. No one will be so simple as to imagine that hereafter the views of the *Boston Herald* on power will have any value except as representing the trust interests. At the same time, however, it appears that the International Paper and Power Company reports for 1928 a deficit of $4,706,403. This bad showing its president attributes in large part to the reduction of newsprint prices and curtailment of profits. We find nothing in the excerpts from the report printed in the daily press which would show the stockholders how many newspapers the company now owns in whole or in part, and whether its holdings in this field are or are not profitable. It seems to us that there is an inviting field for the stockholders of the company to explore. Senator Norris seems to feel the same way, and will ask the Federal Trade Commission to investigate.

A POLICE RAID on the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau in New York City on April 15 resulted in the arrest of two doctors—one being Dr. Hannah M. Stone, medical director of the bureau—and three nurses, and the seizure of various paraphernalia and documents, among them medical records ordinarily regarded as confidential—except, of course, by policemen. Wondering patients waiting for the doctor's services stood around and watched the busy raiders as they bundled papers into a waste-basket and made off with their captives. Morris L. Ernst, counsel for the bureau, and its founder, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, predicted that the case would be thrown out of court. Mrs. Sanger tested the law more than ten years ago when she established a clinic for the dissemination of contraceptive information in Brooklyn, New York, and took the case through several courts, the final decision being that contraceptive information may be given "for the cure or prevention of disease." Mrs. Sanger and Dr. Stone and her associates declare unqualifiedly that the Clinical Research Bureau has operated strictly within the law.

ALMOST TOO GOOD to be true is the report that Charles J. Rhoads of Philadelphia has been selected by Mr. Hoover to be Indian Commissioner. If this comes to pass, the Indian office will be in the best of hands. For years treasurer of the Indian Rights Association, Mr. Rhoads has had a remarkable business experience, which included the vice-presidency of the Girard Trust Company and the governorship of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia from 1914 to 1918, and then the presidency of the Central National Bank of that city. He is at present a partner in Brown Brothers and Company. The character of his public service may be gauged from the fact that during the war he was acting treasurer of the Y. M. C. A., chairman of its War Prisoners' Aid, and then chief of the Friends' relief and reconstruction work in France. In addition he has been a trustee of Haverford and Bryn Mawr colleges and is one of the foremost Quakers in Pennsylvania. Long interested in the problem of the Indian, he will take to the office enthusiasm as well as rare ability and complete detachment from political associations.

THE BACK-TO-THE-FARM movement has won a notable recruit in Marion Talley, the coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House. Whatever else may be said about this artist, no one can deny that she has a character of her own and an iron will. She knew years ago in Kansas City that she was going to reach the heights as a singer, and her persistence and determination, with the aid of a purse raised by friends in Kansas City, achieved in a short time what she set out to do. What is more remarkable, she promptly paid back every cent that had been advanced for her musical education. Her head was never turned, despite the fact that she could get $2,000 a night for a recital. Now, after only three years of residence on musical Olympus, she is ready to depart for a farm—just what farm is not settled, but it is to be her farm, her own farm, and nobody else's. Since she is reputed already to have earned approximately half a million dollars, she can go to farming without the average agriculturist's dread of going bankrupt if a crop should fail some season or her hens refuse to lay their proper quota. Under these circumstances there is a lot to be said for farm life; cannot one go to the Riviera or to Florida in the worst season? It is true that Marion Talley has left a loophole; she does not deny that she may again return to the concert stage, but that presupposes industrious practicing on the farm—else her technique will suffer and the quality of her notes as well. There are those who recall that Caruso once said that as long as he lived he would have to sing and sing and sing, whether he could earn a cent thereby or not. But Marion Talley, Kansas City's pride, has no such compelling urge to self-expression.

THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM wants money; the Arnold Arboretum should have it. "The greatest garden in the world," it has been called; the loveliest public garden in America it certainly is. If Harvard University and the city of Boston will not provide adequately for the great tree-garden in Jamaica Plain, then grateful plant-lovers the world over will undoubtedly step forward. The Boston public flocks by thousands to see the magnolias, the cherries, crab-apples, lilacs, azaleas, hawthorns, and the famous Hemlock Hill, but a larger public relishes in gardens all over the world the work of Sargent and Wilson and their colleagues in and for the Arboretum. Six thousand species grow there today, and probably more thousands have been tried and found wanting. The flora of the Himalayas and of western China is beginning to light up New England and California and old British gardens because of the experience of Arboretum collectors; the deodars, the Japanese yew, the evergreen bittersweet, the tinted Thunberg's barberry, and scores of white and rosy hawthorns and Oriental cherry-trees which first emigrated to Jamaica Plain are now straying out into the gardens of the nation. The famous cherry-blossoms of Washington are a gift from Japan, but also a product of Sargent's success in growing Japanese cherries in Boston; and the cedars of Lebanon from the Taurus Mountains which are slowly growing in American gardens and parks today are also offshoots of his enthusiasm.

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# Germany's War Bill

THE cards are on the table at last at the conference in Paris on German reparations to the Allies for damages in the World War. As this was written, the figures had not been made public officially, but the newspaper correspondents had information of a probably reliable sort. The Associated Press placed the total payments, stretched out over a period of fifty-eight years, at about $24,000,000,000, having an immediate value, if discounted to date, of some $10,000,000,000. Hjalmar Schacht, as was to be expected, promptly declared the bill to be too large and rejected it in behalf of Germany. This, of course, did not mark the end of negotiations but rather the beginning of a new phase. It was the first move in a period of bargaining, with concessions to be expected from both sides.

It is hard to compare the new demands of the Allies with previous ones because of differences in the method of payments and the total number of years covered by them. It is possible, however, to make some comparisons between the new demands of the Allies and the existing arrangement under the Dawes Plan. The correspondent of the New York *Times* says that annuities under the new plan will start at an amount between $408,000,000 and $432,000,000 while the maximum will be $576,000,000. This is substantially better than the present annuity under the Dawes Plan, which is $625,000,000—and continues indefinitely. But the Dawes Plan was not intended to go on forever. It is open to discussion at any time. In accepting the new terms of the Allies the Germans would bind themselves formally for fifty-eight years, although here again it may be remarked that much may happen in half a century.

The conference of Versailles, in 1919, found it impossible to fix the bill against Germany and passed the job along to a Reparation Commission, with instructions to fix an amount by May 1, 1921. From the beginning the amount of the Allies' claims was seen to depend upon their debts to the United States, and from the beginning *The Nation* has advocated a generous policy of cancelation on our part in return for a reduced demand upon Germany. Nearly ten years ago we predicted that Germany would never be able or willing to meet the huge sums demanded of her and, similarly, the Allies would not and could not meet their obligations to us. Hence we advocated a policy of cancelation as our most intelligent war service and as a stimulus to American trade. But the politicians in Washington could not see it that way, and insisted that there must be no connection between Allied war debts to us and German reparations. We delayed European readjustment by that course, yet never have—and never will—recover the major part of our war loans to Europe.

The Reparation Commission found itself miles away from Germany in an attempt to fix an indemnity and, failing in any agreement, it simply made out a bill on April 27, 1921, establishing the amount at 132,000,000,000 gold marks ($33,000,000,000). Payments were not forthcoming, and in 1923 the French and Belgians—the British did not take part—invaded the Ruhr, precipitated a financial crisis, and wrecked the German currency system. Having killed the victim in trying to get their pound of flesh, and finding the carcass useless, the Allies held a post mortem, and which they decided to be more reasonable. They called a conference of financiers in 1924, over which an American was asked to preside, and from it emerged the Dawes Plan. There was no effort to fix a total bill. A scale of annual payments was devised, beginning with 1,000,000,000 gold marks in 1924-1925 and reaching a maximum of 2,500,000,000 gold marks ($625,000,000) in 1928-1929. No date was set for the end of these payments. Fortunately it was realized that in the long run Germany could pay only in goods and services, and it was doubted if the Allied countries could absorb the required payments. So a Transfer Commission was set up entirely in the hands of the Allies. The obligation of Germany ended when it paid its installments to this body. It was the job of the Transfer Commission to do the rest.

The Dawes Plan has worked—at least up to this year when the maximum payment is due. S. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General for Reparations, reported recently that Germany could meet this maximum payment, but he made it plain that both this capacity to pay and the success of the Transfer Commission in passing on the indemnities to the Allies was due largely to American investment in the German Republic—to which, obviously, there is a limit. In order to invest in German securities Americans have bought marks, paying for them with dollars. The Allies have used these dollars to buy goods in the United States and in slight measure to pay their war debts to the American government. President Coolidge said in his Armistice Day speech last autumn that Germany had paid $1,300,000,000 in reparations to the Allies while American citizens had advanced $1,100,000,000 to the national, state, or municipal governments of the republic, or to corporations. To this curious pass have we arrived through the insistence of provincial politicians that there must be no connection between German reparations to the Allies and Allied debts to the United States!

Meanwhile the Allies have gone right along in considering their debts to America as inextricably bound to German reparations. In the new demand upon Germany the time of payments is stretched out from the forty-two years laid down in the scheme of 1921 to fifty-eight years, because the latter period corresponds roughly with the term of debt payments to the United States. *The Nation* doubts if the Allied debt agreements will be carried out as now written, and any changes in them would be reason also for a reconsideration of German indemnities. Owing to our large investments in German industry American citizens are in effect paying the Allies' debts to the United States government. In return, of course, they are gaining a hold on German industry. In order to protect these investments our government is likely to become more and more an exponent of moderate treatment for Germany, and quite unexpectedly, may find that its intended policy of aloofness has in fact led it into the thick of European politics as the champion of its former enemy and the opponent of its war-time friends.

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# What Is Corruption?

WITH the suppression first of "The Well of Loneliness" and now of Miss James's "Sleeveless Errand" literary England is plunged into a turmoil of argument on the subject of censorship. What is obscenity? What is art? Who will be corrupted by art or obscenity, assuming that they are never one and the same, and who cares? Questions such as these are keeping our neighbors across the ocean awake at night and filling the correspondence columns of the dailies and weeklies.

Mr. John A. Hobson, writing in the London *Nation and Athenaeum,* started the ball rolling by an article in which he made the statement that "Nobody would let Boccaccio, Smollett, or even 'A Sentimental Journey' into the school library, or Swift's Poems into any library for general circulation." To his support came riding triumphantly Professor Gilbert Murray, renowned for his translations from the Greek of the "Medea" of Euripides, a story of a mother who murdered her three children, of the "Œdipus" of Sophocles, the account of a man who murdered his father and subsequently married his mother, of the "Agamemnon" and the "Libation Bearers" of Æschylus, which relate how Clytemnestra committed adultery with Ægisthus while her husband, Agamemnon, was away at war, murdered Agamemnon on his return, and was murdered in turn by her son and daughter, Orestes and Elektra. Professor Murray declares that everyone "with a smattering of psychology" knows that the sex instinct is dangerously strong and "has to be satisfied, controlled, sublimated, and repressed." This is the moral side of the subject; but, says the Professor, it has also an aesthetic side, with which he is even more concerned:

> Why is it that the great serious literature of the world—I leave comedy aside for the moment—is in general entirely free from obscenity? Homer, Virgil, the Greek tragedians, Milton, Shakespeare's tragedies, Racine, Victor Hugo, Dante, Goethe, Tolstoy? Is it not because obscenity, with all its superficial alluringness, has a peculiar power of destroying the higher imaginative values in its neighborhood? . . . I believe that one reason why the great Victorian novelists, from Dickens to Meredith, conquered the world was that they entirely abstained from the lure of obscenity with which Smollett and Sterne had attracted readers.

Into the fray leaps Lytton Strachey. In a letter in the *Nation and Athenaeum* for the next week he cries:

> Professor Gilbert Murray . . . chooses to base his case against obscenity in literature upon authority and great names; well and good; but he must not load the dice. . . . If you want to prove that salt can never be an ingredient of good cookery you will not do so by producing several excellent dishes made up of sugar and jam. . . . Professor Murray adduces the works of Homer, Milton, Racine, and "the great Victorian novelists" as examples of literature that is pure; but his case is no further advanced. Has he really forgotten all about Aristophanes, Catullus, Rabelais, and Swift? These are not minor figures. Three of them were colossal creatures of universal import; all were supreme artists. . . . The curious truth is that neither life nor art is quite so simple as the great Victorian novelists and Professor Murray would have us believe. "W. C.'s and vice," as Professor Murray says, will come creeping in.

And Mr. Leonard Woolf, literary editor of the *Nation and Athenaeum,* adds a final word. After quoting—without being so unkind as to mention certain passages in "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," or "King Lear"—Professor Murray's contention about the purity of the great tragedies of the world, he says:

> Would it not be equally convincing if he had written: "Why is it that the great literature of the world—I leave tragedy aside for the moment—is in general so permeated with obscenity? Aristophanes, Plato, Lucretius, Catullus, Juvenal, Petronius, Chaucer, Shakespeare's comedies, Ben Jonson, the Restoration drama, Swift, Sterne, Fielding, Byron, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Voltaire, Rousseau, Balzac, Proust, and the Archpriest of Hita? Is it not because obscenity, with all its superficial repulsiveness, has a peculiar power of heightening the higher imaginative values in its neighborhood?"

# Dawes as Ambassador

WE regret that we cannot join the chorus of approval with which most of the press has greeted the appointment of Charles G. Dawes as ambassador to the Court of St. James's. There is no doubt that superficially Mr. Dawes's selection seems attractive. Did he not give his name to the Dawes Plan and was he not formerly an able staff general and Vice-President of the United States? Is he not as well known in England and Europe as any living American politician, with the exception of Hoover and Coolidge? Is there not then a special fitness in sending to London not only so distinguished but so picturesque a personality? His vigor of utterance and his frankness will, it is said, make him a potent figure in the country to which he has been sent.

To this we reply that Mr. Dawes's appointment marks primarily another and a serious break with the historic American tradition of appointing a man of literary, social, and political distinction, which sent to this embassy men like Lowell, Motley, and Bayard, the first Charles Francis Adams, and Joseph H. Choate. If it be replied that Alanson B. Houghton was not quite of that type, it is a fact that he earned the office by his service in Berlin, a service marked by extraordinary vision, humanitarianism, tact, and friendliness to the new German Republic. No American ambassador has more completely won the respect of official England. From Houghton to Dawes is a distinct descent despite the fact that Mr. Dawes is the better known. That Mr. Dawes is neat, dapper, sociable, modest, musical, and at times charming, we would not deny. We admit the affection in which he was held by the Senators, even though they did not take him and his theories seriously. But a man may have all of these attributes and still be unworthy of the position of American Ambassador to Great Britain.

The simple truth is that Mr. Dawes is a demagogue of the conventional conservative type; that the original utterances for which he is famous border on the vulgar, and that if he can be charming he can also be one of the most unpleasant men in public life. He is the product of ordinary, business circles in Chicago where he played the familiar big-business game and did not escape unscathed. We have not

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forgotten, if others have, the part that he played in the Lorimer scandals, for Mr. Dawes is the man who loaned from his bank, the Central Trust Company, the sum of $1,250,000 to Lorimer to enable him to deceive the State Auditor into believing that Lorimer had complied with the law and had the necessary capital in his company vaults to carry on business. When this particular transaction came to light, and was investigated, Charles G. Dawes, always the upholder of the sacred Constitution and the laws of the land, was soundly rebuked by the Supreme Court for his part in a palpable fraud.

Now if it be alleged that the statute of limitations has run on this act of Mr. Dawes, and that it was held not to count against him when he was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, we still submit that in his general make-up, his manners, and his point of view he is not an adequate or proper representative of the great bulk of the American people. His eccentricities go well in men's clubs. They may confirm London in its too prevalent belief that we are largely a land of social barbarians. That he has spoken out well against the threatened naval rivalry between the United States and England by declaring publicly at the dedication of the International Peace Bridge that "there is no excuse for inaugurating a competition under which ships will be built which neither nation needs," is true. He has also pointed out that this is a time "when our diplomatic negotiations must be carried on with courage, forbearance, and patience, with sympathy with the suffering, without arrogance from the thought of our national wealth and power, and with a humility of mind," but he has been prominent in an Administration which has honored these precepts largely in the breach. It has been arrogant, cruel, overbearing, and wickedly unjust in Central America—all this without genuine protest from Mr. Dawes. No, Mr. Dawes may have his use and his place at home; he may be the darling of a host of friends who like his red-blooded narrowness and his bitternesses. But his place is at home and not abroad as a chief representative of the American people.

# Winston Churchill

WHATEVER the result of the polling at the end of May, it seems undeniable that the general election of 1929 must be an event of decisive importance for Britain. The strange parliamentary system, under which it is possible for a party with less than half the voting strength in the country to command two-thirds of the Commons and remain in power for four years, may have further surprises in store. But unless all the signs of the hour are misleading, this huge conservative majority will be wiped out.

Presumably, then, Stanley Baldwin will go, and with him the Austen Chamberlains, Bridgemans, and the rest. Among these nonentities, making up the poorest Cabinet known to modern England, there is one man of eminent talents and one alone, and his future promises the most puzzling personal problem in British politics. Winston Churchill, as Liberal and Conservative, has been out of office for merely a few months in the long period of twenty-four years. England, it is plain, cannot rid herself of him; and at the present moment his record and reputation are being reviewed in every continent by reason of the completion of his rhetorical masterpiece, "The World Cris (1914-1928)."

This five-volume survey stands in a class wholly by i self. It is the one downright personal narrative compose in any country by an actor prominent through the entir drama. Mr. Churchill writes contemporary history wit the sweep and freedom of epithet that Macaulay and h imitators reserved for epochs safely remote. The Britis people are convinced that Winston Churchill is the ma chiefly responsible for a series of the worst calamities of th period: for the romantic folly of the Antwerp expedition the prolonged agony of Gallipoli, and the ruinous suppor given to successive counter-revolutionary bandits in Russia They feel toward him a kind of angry distrust such as is no aroused in them by any other public man. And yet it is no to be doubted that the reading of his concluding volume will be for many thousands of his countrymen an experienc of vivid enlightenment. True, Winston Churchill is th most stupid of brilliant men. His hostility to the Labo Party is childish; his fear of the Bolsheviks is grotesque; hi belief that the Allies could have made an end of the Soviet in 1919 is too silly for discussion. The most notorious turn coat in British politics denounced Lenin as "the grand repudiator."

The book is crowded with passages of resonant absurdity, among which the character sketch of Lenin stands out as unsurpassable bosh. But when these things and some others have been allowed for, we have to recognize that Winston Churchill's narrative is a political document of the first importance. One striking thing about it, generally ignored by the reviewers, will be increasingly apparent to readers the world over: namely, that it is the most deadly exposure of Lloyd George during the four critical years, 1916-1922, that has so far been published. Writing with an appearance of friendship and admiration, Churchill allows not a single item in the Georgian record to escape. While admitting his own guilt in swimming with the stream, he asserts that the "hang the Kaiser" election woefully cheapened Britain and robbed her in an appreciable degree of the dignity she needed at the peace conference. He is no less hard upon the blatant nonsense about "making Germany pay" and "searching their pockets." He tells with cruel detachment the shocking story of Lloyd George and the Greek adventure in Asia Minor, which in the end was his undoing. Even Mr. Churchill's attack upon Woodrow Wilson in Paris recoils upon the British Prime Minister, since he condemns Wilson for not making common cause with Clemenceau and Lloyd George.

"The Aftermath" is notable for one other important revelation. It proves, with the aid of memoranda written at every stage, that Winston Churchill kept his head about every great question of war and peace, except Russia. He saw the light in 1918. He would have made peace with the German people and have lifted the blockade with the signing of the armistice. He was not deceived about the Near East. More than any other he made the settlement with Ireland in 1921. The conclusion is irresistible, if Winston Churchill at the crisis of the world had resolved to stand by his own convictions and to come out for them, he would have been Prime Minister of England years ago.

* "The Aftermath (1918-1928)." Scribners. $5.

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# It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT looks like a bad year for thunderstorms. Hereabouts we had three or four in April's early weather. Perhaps this is no record, but it is an annoyance for all that. My luck is always to meet thunderstorms and Sonia simultaneously. And usually her sister Bessie is with her. Even under the best conditions I don't like thunderstorms. The worst conditions are in the country in somebody's remodeled farm house.

For me the first sign of the onrushing tempest is neither rumbling sound nor a far-off flash, but the sight of Sonia standing on some rock or high hill with her hair unleashed. Sonia wears long hair to be different and not at all to indicate that she is an old-fashioned woman. They tell me that in the old days letting down the hair was a gesture of surrender. Not in Sonia's case. She takes down her hair only for thunderstorms.

And she has her reward. Whether it has all been done by kindness I can't say, but there is no getting away from the fact that she has the tempests tamed. The gales do come to heel when she calls them. In the dark ages Sonia would have been burned as a witch. Sometimes I get to thinking that we exaggerate the virtues of the softening process called civilization.

Most week-end guests begin a visit by locating the room to which they have been assigned and sounding out the hostess about drinks. Sonia's first concern is the nearest promontory. Once that is found, she stands upon it and in the distance the wind awakes and the clouds assemble. It is a matter of pride with Sonia never to commit any overt act in the matter of letting her hair down. Always the breeze is blamed, but I feel that she does not come into court with clean hands. I believe that she deliberately provokes the outrage.

Certainly she never calls for assistance when her long black tresses are tossed about every which way. Her hair whips about like a flag upon a mountain top. To be sure, she does put up one hand as if to restrain the disorder, but my theory is that this is simply a device to palm the last remaining hairpins. Finally, both hands go up, but now they are over her head and pointing straight toward heaven. This pose is held for precisely two minutes and thirty seconds and then Sonia exclaims: "Isn't it glorious!" By this time a heavy downpour has begun and the lightning is crackling all around the house. Sonia is left alone on her peak, not so much defying the lightning as egging it on. Someday, I suppose, she will go too far, but Nemesis is a slow-poke.

By the time she is thoroughly damp she comes inside and leans over the bridge players. But generally they are pretty miserable even before she arrives. Bessie does the preliminary work of spreading depression. Perhaps she means to be helpful, but I'll never believe it. Take last week, for instance, when a bolt struck so close to the house that the telephone rang and all the walls rattled. In the precise center of the shuddering silence which ensued Bessie remarked brightly: "You know you never see the flash that kills you. That's a scientific fact."

Getting hit by lightning seen or unseen was the last thing in the world I wanted to think of and the rest must have felt the same way about it, for the subject was allowed to drop. Looking back at it in a calmer moment, I am kicking myself for not having asked just which victim of sudden death at the hands of lightning had testified to this fact so brashly put forward by Bessie.

Thunder doesn't bother me so terribly. Of course, I am not speaking of extra loud thunder or thunder that comes in the middle of the night and gets itself incorporated into a dream before you wake up. Heat lightning is all right as long as it keeps its distance. The great terror for me is in the wind. There's no putting a reasonable limit on that. I am always under the apprehension that it will suddenly decide to blow twice as hard, or even ten times. In the noise of it there is invariably the threat of much worse to come. Lightning is violent but seldom venomous. In spite of the old legends about Thor I never feel that it is aiming at anything in particular.

However, this is not a comfort. While not exactly a glutton for shell-fire I have heard big projectiles go overhead which carried less terror than the lightning. The Germans, as it happened, were shooting at us. We were only a party of newspaper reporters, but at a distance we might have been mistaken for a general and his staff. Our guide told us as much. It was my whim to assume that I looked a good deal like Pershing to anyone standing two miles distant. At that range it is not possible to evaluate the way in which a uniform is pressed. But, mistaken or not, we were the targets for the Teutons. If anything happened it would, of course, be unfortunate but not downright aimless. Human logic and enterprise would have entered into the catastrophe. That is if there ever was any logic in making a competent baseball reporter a war correspondent. But anybody struck down by lightning shares the poignancy of Mercutio's death. There is no sense to it. At its very best a bolt can do no better than kill some innocent bystander. Still, the lightning strikes first and yells afterward. The wind, on the contrary, is a bully. You can hear it cursing and carrying on long before it finally gets into action.

Nobody need try to excuse its conduct to me by saying, "Oh, well, its bark is worse than its bite." The barking is just what I object to. I'd just as soon be chewed any day as frightened to death. I speak from deep conviction. Last Monday night the wind came up over the Connecticut ridges and the yell and roar of it, before a breath of air stirred, was one of the most fearsome experiences of my life. I expected to see uprooted trees all over the landscape the next morning. There was nothing down. Even the new grass gave no evidence of having taken a beating. Probably it wasn't so much of a wind after all, but it succeeded in kicking up as much fuss as a hurricane.

Still, for one reason alone, I might have endured it even louder. Some day Sonia is going to sow a thunderstorm and reap a tornado. Then, just before the roof falls and the house splinters I am going to yell in her ear above the whirlwind: "Isn't it glorious?"

HEYWOOD BROUN

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# Communism in Southern Cotton Mills

By PAUL BLANSHARD

*Gastonia, North Carolina, April 15*

COMMUNISM and the stop-watch have brought to Southern cotton mills the first serious rebellion in eight years, a rebellion so charged with fear and bitterness that it resembles a civil war. Here in Gastonia soldiers of the National Guard pace up and down in front of the Loray cotton mill, keeping every striker a full block away from the mill gate. Across the road on an open lot a red-haired Communist organizer harangues the strikers. Downtown the Rotary Club is listening to a speech on Americanism, and across the front page of the local paper is spread a picture of the American flag with a snake coiled at its base and the inscription: "Communism in the South. Kill it!"

Gaston County, once the greatest corn-whiskey producing county below the Mason and Dixon line, has become through fifty years of mutation the South's leading center of combed yarn—and labor discontent. It is the infection-point for a series of strikes that have aroused the whole Piedmont section, involving a dozen mills and 15,000 workers. The strikes are partly the result of systematic agitation and partly the spontaneous revolt of overburdened workers against the lowest wages and longest hours in American factories. The organized strikes are led by the new National Textile Workers Union which was formed by Communists last summer to challenge the American Federation of Labor in the textile industry.

Here in Gastonia the rebellion centers in the Loray plant of the Manville-Jenckes Company of Pawtucket, Rhode Island. The great pink brick mill pours 2,200 workers into the company houses of the mill village, while the roar of the machines can be heard almost twenty-four hours every day. Before the dawn lights begin to show in the mill cottages and at six the whistle blows. At six in the evening the whistle blows again. From six to six the life of the mill worker is sold to his employer for a wage of $15 to $17 a week. Ironically enough, the wages in this mill where the strike centers are considerably higher than in most mills of the South.

The strikes in North Carolina are chiefly union strikes; in South Carolina the rebellion of the workers has been spontaneous and without trained leadership. At the Loray plant the manager deliberately accepted the challenge of the National Textile Workers Union and discharged five union members. About one-half of the workers walked out in protest, and when a policeman was knocked down near the mill gate, Governor Gardner, a mill owner, rushed five companies of the National Guard to the scene, where they broke up the picket lines and patrolled the mill village. The strike goes on in an atmosphere of hate and fear. Fred Beal, Communist leader, sleeps in a worker's cottage surrounded by four trusty guards with four shotguns and revolvers. He needs them all.

* * * * *

This is the South's first taste of Communist leadership. Hitherto the Federal Council of Churches, *The Nation,* the *New Republic,* and the American Federation of Labor hav constituted the local menace of radicalism. Now that th red presence is genuine, the reaction is immediate and vi lent. Huge advertisements appeared in the Gastonia *Dail Gazette,* declaring:

MOB RULE VS. LAW AND ORDER

Every patriotic, law-abiding American citizen who was at the Loray Mills yesterday [when a policeman was knocked down] could see the difference between mob rule on the one hand and law and order on the other. Every American citizen who loved his country and venerated its traditions could see the difference between the Stars and Stripes, the beautiful emblem of this Republic, and the blood-red banner of Bolshevism, the flag of those who favor the destruction of all constitutional government, the flag of revolution and bloodshed, the flag of the country which does not believe in religion, which does not believe in the sanctity of marriage. Men and women of Gaston County, are you willing to permit the men of the type of Beal and his associates to continue to preach the doctrines of Bolshevism anywhere in America and especially here in your midst?

No strikers were tarred and feathered, as a result of thi partly because these Southern mill workers, in spite of thei peaceful appearance, frequently carry guns, and also becaus the strike leaders, unlike the American Federation leade in Tennessee, do not live in hotels, whence they can be kid napped by industrious and patriotic citizens. The next da after this advertisement the manufacturers followed it u with another broadside:

RED RUSSIANISM LIFTS ITS GORY HANDS RIGHT HERE IN GASTONIA

Do the people of Gastonia, Gaston County, and the South realize what the Communist Party is? . . . It is a party that seeks the overthrow of capital, business, and all of the established social order. World revolution is its ultimate goal. It has no religion, it has no color line, it believes in free love—it advocates the destruction of all those things which the people of the South and of the United States hold sacred.

The answer of most of the strikers to this advertisemen was to tear up copies of the paper and scatter them throug the streets. Then the mill owners embarked upon a cam paign of hand-bill education, distributing circulars by th thousands which read:

Russia has 85 per cent of illiteracy. Shall they tell you what to do?

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If you have $7,000,000 why don't you buy a mill of your own and run it to suit yourself?

---

When are those groceries coming?

---

Bust up your Russian union and let's go back to work.

---

Can you live on promises?

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Here are the names of the union leaders: Albert Weisboard, Michael Intrator, Lono Cherenko, Peter Russak, Peter Hegelia, Sonia Kaross. Are these American names?

When this barrage failed to move the strikers, the company sued eviction notices which, at this writing, have not been enforced because of the fear that eviction would create much outside sympathy for the strikers.

* * * * *

Behind the issue of communism in this strike is the issue of race. The National Textile Workers Union believes in admitting Negroes and whites upon the same basis, and in a few instances Negroes have joined the union, although I have never seen one at a meeting. The instant that the manufacturers discovered this union policy in respect to Negro workers, a new attack was begun in the press. Handbills were distributed reading: "You believe in White Supremacy. Would you belong to a union which opposes White Supremacy?" Following the handbills were editorials and advertisements in Gastonia and Charlotte papers denouncing the new union for breaking the color line and quoting a story from the *Daily Worker,* New York Communist paper, which described with approval a dance of whites and Negroes.

The strikers themselves remain wholly unconverted to the ideal of race equality. Yesterday on the streets of Pineville, a little mill village near Charlotte, I discussed the race question with a group of strikers. They were eloquent and emphatic. "The nigguhs can join the union if they want to," said one of them, "but they cayn't meet under the same roof with us. No, suh! Not in the same room. Not in the same room at the mill neither. Anyways I ain't seen a nigguh's name on the books of this union yet. The Nothun folks cayn't tell us how to run the nigguhs; we know how to do that ourselves."

On the other side of the strike the determination is just as strong to maintain white supremacy. On the street a major of the National Guard became confidential and talked out of the corner of his mouth about the Negro problem. "You cayn't mix oil and water, you know. I'm not sayin' which is the oil and which is the water, but the niggers and the whites is that all right. Some of the white folks may run around with a nigger wench after dark, but they don't walk down the street with her in the daylight."

As for the Negro strikers, there are only a handful of them because so small a proportion of the mill workers are colored. The iron tradition of the South is that no white man will work in the same factory room with a Negro. The Negroes according to that tradition must be confined to the rough work of cleaning, packing, and transport. The tradition is so strong that any manufacturer who imported Negro strike-breakers would be overwhelmed by community opposition. Incidentally, the Negro strike-breakers would be killed.

* * * * *

The Communist leaders here are, for the most part, bold youngsters, utterly devoted to their cause and blissfully unaware of the depth of prejudice against them. They have a formula and they will see the fight through. With sublime sang-froid they pass out copies of the *Daily Worker,* sneer at the preachers, and spread the most highly colored descriptions of the sins of the American Federation of Labor. When the National Guard came to town, the Communist leaders produced an appeal to the soldiers to revolt, an appeal which had all the ear-marks of the propaganda kindergarten of the Third International: "Workers in the National Guard [it read] we, the striking workers, are your brothers. Our fight is your fight. Help us win the strike. . . . Refuse to shoot or bayonet your fathers or brothers on the picket lines. . . . Fight with your class, the striking workers."

In the face of such dangerous remarks the employers and the editors of the region have fallen back with touching solicitude upon the American Federation of Labor. Although no organizer of the United Textile Workers (representing the federation) is in the Carolinas at this writing, the newspapers have hailed with large headlines the statements emanating from New York that the regular union is to enter the field. The sincerity of the editors is questionable. In the long record of strikes conducted by the American Federation of Labor unions in Southern mills the orthodox leaders have been attacked with a ferocity almost equal to that now directed against the Communists. "Reds," "foreign agitators," and "emissaries of the Pope" are only a few of the phrases of the opposition which were hurled at the conservative leaders in the great Charlotte strike of 1921 which covered the area now captured by the Communists. The United Textile Workers is now honored in this region because it is weak and absent. The left-wing union is weak also and its hold upon this section is most precarious. Its strikes in Gastonia, Pineville, and Lexington are hanging in the balance today and only some unusual emotional crisis and the arrival of food from the North can save the strikers from rout.

* * * * *

Behind the public excitement over communism and the Constitution lie the deep and lasting grievances of the mill people. The average weekly wage in the four leading Southern States in textile manufacturing, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, where nearly all the cotton-mill workers live, is $12.02. Here in North Carolina the wages are higher than that average but the eleven-hour day and the twelve-hour night are permitted by law for both men and women, and the eleven-hour day is allowed for children of fourteen who have completed the fourth grade in school.

The workers in the strike only know that they are fighting for a better life. They do not know the difference between one union and another, and for them "communism" is simply a general epithet. The employers have shouted "Wolf! Wolf!" so often that now their paroxysms have little effect upon the workers. On the red clay banks of the railroad track they sit in their overalls listening to the Communist strike leader as he stands on a box in the vacant lot. They hear with blank faces phrases about international solidarity and class power. But when one of their own number stands up and shouts: "Every striker git a scab and the strike will soon be over," they howl with delight. They are tired, undernourished, and uneducated, but even the employers admit that they are becoming aware of their own degradation.

[*Mr. Blanshard has been sent by* The Nation *to the Carolinas and Tennessee to write the story of the mill strikes there. His next article will describe the remarkable "leaderless strikes" in South Carolina.*]

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# Shall Doctors' Fees Be Lowered?

By FREDERIC BABCOCK

*Chicago, April 13*

PICTURE a roomful of men. One of them is white-haired, kindly faced, beyond sixty. He is confronting his accusers, defending his actions. But their minds are set; they disregard his protests. They proceed with the business at hand.

The scene is a hall in the Loop, and the men are members of the Chicago Medical Society. The one who stands apart is Dr. Louis E. Schmidt, philanthropist, humanitarian, internationally known physician and surgeon. The meeting is behind closed doors. The occasion is the ousting of Dr. Schmidt from his membership in the society, and consequently from his membership in the American Medical Association. His crime is that he has dared to reduce the cost of being ill.

His back to the wall, Dr. Schmidt refuses to resign. He knows the decision will be against him, but he goes down fighting. He makes a futile effort at self-justification. He points out that he is not alone when he says that the profession must slash the inexcusably high costs of medical care. "We cannot make all doctors rich by forming a trade union," he argues. "Ours is a profession, not a trade." He proceeds with a remarkable appeal to the selfishness of his fellows:

> The time will come when both the profession and the public will be better served. If we organize to bring the cost of hospital, laboratory, and medical care within the purse of all that great majority of our people known as the middle classes, all reputable, capable physicians will prosper greatly. Such a plan will take the business of meeting the health problems of these people with small incomes away from the quacks, charlatans, and patent-medicine vendors, who now prey upon a public which has no other place to turn. The millions of dollars now given to these disreputable quacks will then be given to medical men. Honest, ethical physicians will be treating these thousands of sick people, because the cost of that treatment will be lowered, and because we shall find the means, by ethical advertising, to lead them away from the quacks and to our profession.

He sets forth that the Illinois Social Hygiene League, of which he is president and chief medical officer, is a charitable institution; that it gives free treatments to thousands of men, women, and children who have become afflicted with social diseases; that as a result of the work of this and similar societies "the spread of the disease which has been the ruin of nations is waning." He goes on:

> Through our connections with the Public Health Institute we have been able to increase our efficiency manyfold. Is it wrong for medical men to accept help for charitable organizations so they may aid humanity? Must I stop work because the Public Health Institute, through its lay trustees, advertises the perils of venereal disease?
>
> I cannot do it. I ask that you councilors of the Chicago Medical Society recognize my position as ethical and that you here and now launch the movement that will bring the great art of medicine within the reach of the masses.

The plea falls on deaf ears. Newspapermen have been barred from the chamber, but the uproar comes to them clearly in the outer corridors. Someone reads a statement explaining that the decision is based "solely upon the violation of the principles of medical ethics." The statement has been prepared before the meeting, proving—if proof be needed—that everything has been determined without waiting for a formal vote.

At last the vote is taken. The decision is overwhelming. Dr. Schmidt reminds his detractors that he has the right of appeal, and he asks that there be a full trial before the case is finally disposed of. His request is brushed aside. A vote on the appeal is taken immediately; the ouster action is repeated and reaffirmed. Dr. Schmidt is condemned—without trial.

Back of this incredible spectacle lies the whole issue of medical costs to the public and the attitude of the profession in America toward philanthropic and semi-philanthropic organizations for providing medical attention to persons of limited means and limited income. Dr. Schmidt and doctors of the Schmidt school of thought assert that medical, hospital, and laboratory care of the sick, now costing Chicagoans from $20 a day upward, could be furnished at a cost of less than $5 a day to persons whose incomes range from $2,000 to $5,000 a year. These doctors have been trying to bring that about. Their plans have been bitterly opposed by the medical society, 4,000 strong and the power behind the medical throne in Cook County.

Highly educated in this country and abroad, Dr. Schmidt has been a leader in the profession in Chicago for many years. He is one of the world's great urologists. The sole charge against him is that he is associated indirectly with the Public Health Institute, which the medical society, branding as unethical, has denied recognition. The complaint against the institute is that it advertises, thereby entering into unfair competition with physicians who, under their ethical code, are prohibited from advertising.

The Public Health Institute, operated as a corporation not for profit, treats victims of venereal disease. In the eight years of its existence it has given more than 2,500,000 treatments to more than 140,000 persons. It has given as high as 2,000 treatments in one day. It claims to do this at one-third the customary fees charged by physicians.

Destitute persons applying at the institute are sent to the free clinic maintained by the Illinois Social Hygiene League, of which Dr. Schmidt is the guiding spirit. In return for this service the institute pays the league $12,000 a year. The institute is maintained by men of wealth, including Marshall Field III, Jacob M. Dickinson, Jr., General James A. Ryan, and Harold F. McCormick. The league's trustees include some of Chicago's foremost citizens—Jane Addams, Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Mrs. Harold L. Ickes, and Rabbi Louis L. Mann, to mention a few. The

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character and standing of the two organizations may be judged from those names.

Linked with the ousting of Dr. Schmidt is a series of disputes over a period of years. Plans of the Chicago Lying-in Hospital for establishing a clinic on the South Side, where needy mothers might receive at little or no cost advice on prenatal care and infant welfare, were frustrated by the opposition of the society. St. Elizabeth's Hospital wanted to start a small clinic and dispensary in connection with Loyola University, on the North Side, but dropped the project when the society protested. In each case the ground for opposition was that the undertaking would damage the practices of doctors in that vicinity. There have been controversies with the medical departments of the University of Chicago and the University of Illinois over fees charged, or left uncharged, by the clinics of those two.

The expulsion of Dr. Schmidt has been followed by a series of explosions. Dr. Bundesen, widely hailed as a public-health authority, and Dr. Rachelle Yarros, resident physician at Hull House, resigned from the society at once. "The obstetrical care in the Hull House community was carried on by midwives, with a resulting high mortality of mother and child," says Dr. Yarros, "and yet vigorous protest was made by the local physicians when the Lying-in dispensary was established. But that did not deter us." Dr. Charles Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota, President Walter Dill Scott of Northwestern University—where Dr. Schmidt is a professor—and many others have gone to his defense.

But it is from the laymen that the doctors are hearing in caustic terms. The situation has unleashed all the pent-up animosity of those folk who believe they have been improperly diagnosed by the physicians, gouged by the hospitals, and profiteered upon by the doctors' allies, the druggists. The air is filled with cries of racketeers, scalpers, and money-grabbers. Justly or unjustly, the faction dominating the proceedings of the society is being accused of getting away from the time-honored tradition of service. It has conveyed the impression of a privilege-conserving group seeking to obstruct work for the common good. In the eyes of the public, it has made itself ridiculous by failing to differentiate between advertising for personal gain and advertising to reach the hosts of persons who need medical care and are unable to pay the current rates. Nearly every one appears to believe that the charge of advertising is only a blind; that behind it lies the true objection—lower charges to patients. The conclusion is inescapable that these doctors are less concerned about ethics than they are about what may happen to their incomes. It is the old story of a monopoly—that Chicagoans are calling a "racket de luxe"—trying to stem the march of progress.

# Why Take Alimony?*

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

SAM REID is free. That probably does not mean much to the world at large, but in California it draws a front-page headline. For Sam Reid is California's alimony martyr. For more than three years he has languished in jail in the little town of Willows, rather than pay alimony to a wife who has remarried and whom he does not consider fit to have the custody of his child. Now at last, after an episode involving a trip to San Francisco and the indicting of the complaisant sheriff for contempt of court, he has permitted the American Legion to pay his back alimony and has returned to freedom to fight for possession of his little daughter.

But the opponents of that legalized blackmail known as alimony need not take undue heart from this liberation of a martyr. On the very day that Sam Reid was released, Dr. G. C. Macdonald, of San Francisco, was hailed into court to explain why he was $31,000 in arrears of alimony. Doctor Macdonald is seventy years old. For twenty-three years, since his divorce, he has been paying his wife the appointed reward of merit for no longer keeping him bound to her. His youngest child is now thirty-two years of age, and yet he is still being assessed for support of his children. Judge Graham, known to his fellow-citizens as "the great reconciler," evidently thought that his powers of reconciliation would be wasted in this instance. And so he reduced the doctor's alimony from $350 to $125 a month, and forgave him his back debt. Nevertheless this old man must continue to pay $125 a month to a wife he no longer felt it possible to live with in 1906.

A day later the newspapers reported, quite without comment, the claim of a divorced wife to $1,000 a month alimony out of her husband's income of $1,500. One can live quite comfortably, of course, on $500 a month. But two-thirds of one's income seems a bit excessive as the price of living alone.

Nine years ago I had occasion to call on a lawyer for the purpose of signing my own divorce papers. He was quite indignant that I refused to ask for alimony, and utterly unable to comprehend my statement that I had always earned my own living and always expected to, married or unmarried. His attitude, though he belonged to the alimony-enduring sex, was precisely that of Lorelei Lee, or of the acquaintance who said to me once, quite frankly: "If I'm going to give a man freedom to run around with other women I expect him to pay for the privilege as much as the traffic will bear."

Nobody objects, of course, to the support of minor children, or to providing for a wife who is old, or incapacitated. In fact, California, for one, has a law which gives the same privilege to a divorced husband as to a divorced wife—if he can prove his economic inferiority and inability. So far as I know, however, only one man has secured alimony under this decree, and he was a bed-ridden invalid. What *is* offensive to practically every man, and to every woman having a sense of justice and self-dependence, is the mean spirit of revenge and greed which is behind the usual demand for

* Fourth in a series of articles on marriage and divorce. The next, Civilized Divorce, by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, will appear shortly.

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maintenance, no matter what the cost, by a divorced wife.

How many cases arise in the experience of every thoughtful person, where hopelessly mismated couples are held together solely by the man's reluctance or inability to meet the alimony demanded as the price of his freedom! How many more, where a self-supporting second wife has to deprive herself of all beyond the merest necessaries of life —sometimes of the desire to have children of her own—because a disproportionately large part of the family income is going into alimony to the first living evidence of the husband's first mistake! There is a whole series of unguessed minor tragedies arising from these two common situations. And sometimes they become major tragedies, and add to the statistics of crimes of violence.

Margaret Culkin Banning, in a recent article in *Harper's,* paints a distressing picture of the "extra ladies," discarded and undesired, who gravitate between tea-room and beauty parlor, without family, without interests, without justification for living. But the pathos departs when one considers that the vast majority of these women are living on alimony; that probably at least half of them wrecked their married lives themselves; and that their idle and useless existence in many cases is making it impossible for their ex-husbands (who after all are human beings) to lead a normal family life, or else is putting undue burdens on the shoulders of other women whose only sin has been the wish to console and companion men who (humanly again) once married the wrong persons. Every once in a while some multimillionaire throws over the old wife of his poverty, who has slaved for him through the years and grown old in the process, in favor of a little young creature with a mercenary eye, and a great hullabaloo is made about it, as if this were the usual situation in divorce cases. Yet everyone really knows that such a thing is the most exceptional of instances; that most divorces arise from pure incompatibility, however our hypocritical laws make us camouflage it as desertion or cruelty, and that lifelong servitude is too high a cost to pay for an error in judging human nature.

It is equally exceptional, of course, to find women who marry for the express purpose of separation and alimony, though such cases do exist in larger numbers than most persons might imagine. After all, purely evil men and women are rare monsters, if they exist at all. Most of us marry because we are in love, because we expect and hope to spend the rest of our lives with the beloved object; and if we find out, after years of disappointment and struggle against disillusionment, that we were blinded by emotion, and that the mate we chose is not the mate for us, it is with a rending of ourselves which leaves a permanent scar that we decide a clean operation is better than a festering disease. But this is just as true of men as it is of women; and why should the men be so heavily penalized for our common frailty? The viewpoint of the fanatic to whom all divorce is loathsome is of course comprehensible; but that of the person who allows divorce and yet makes alimony a necessary concomitant is beyond the understanding of those of us—women as well as men—who have progressed beyond the ideology of the days of the burning of heretics and nonconformists.

The situation is one which women alone can remedy. As with nearly every other aspect of feminism, the main fault lies in the lack of self-respect of women themselves—even though that lack of self-respect may ultimately be traced back to the environmental conditions of the past. Although it is becoming increasingly more usual for judges to refuse alimony to strong, healthy, childless young women, nevertheless most judges, being almost invariably men, are incurably sentimental; and I have known a judge to urge the receipt of alimony on a woman who does not ask it. What frequently happens, in all probability, is that the judge himself is happily married; in the woman before him he sees an image of his own beloved wife; and he thinks what a cur he would be if he should deny anything to so helpless and charming a creature. It is for the feminine plaintiffs in divorce cases themselves to say explicitly that they are self-reliant human beings, that they desire no man to support them, least of all a man who has brought them to the extremity of applying for a legal separation from him.

The trouble is that most women (and most men also) do *not* prefer to do hard work when they might live comfortably without it. The luxury of independence and self-respect weighs less in their sight than the ease of a laborless life. Perhaps if they could envisage the dreary days which Mrs. Banning pictures, the long hours consumed in the idle search for distraction, even women without that fierce sense of freedom would reject the bait of the luscious fruit whose core is ennui. For none but a miser would demand alimony and continue a self-supporting life as well; and miserliness, fortunately, is as rare a vice as is conscious hypocrisy.

Mrs. Banning and many others would say: "But what of the woman married young, in the transition days when many girls were trained for nothing but matrimony, who now in middle age must somehow adapt herself to a world where only youth is welcome?" It is hard, bitterly hard, there is no doubt of it; I have put in too many heart-breaking hours myself at the desks of employment agencies, standing before business men who callously noted every gray hair and every wrinkle, trudging from office to office with despair in my heart, not to know that. But it is harder still, unless one is possessed by the insanity of vengeance or the meanness of avarice, to realize that the bread one puts in one's mouth was purchased by the begrudged wages of a man one could not live with in peace, or perhaps even by the deprivation of a fellow-woman who has committed no crime save to love where one no longer could. Maturity has the advantages of experience and poise to trade for those of adaptability and attractiveness, and only a moron can fail eventually to find some place where she may look the world in the face and know herself for an adult and responsible being. I am even willing to advocate a temporary alimony for the sake of training these poor misfit wives to take their stand with other self-maintaining adults; just as I concede alimony to the aged, the ill, and those burdened with the care of small children. It is the lying down forever on the soft cushion of another's captured couch that I deplore.

This is not the place to discuss the various concomitant problems of marriage and divorce which the question of alimony brings up. It is, however, interesting to note that in the only country where divorce by mutual consent, or even by desire of one of the parties concerned, is the rule, alimony also is determined solely by the need of either the man or the woman, and denied if neither has that actual physical need. It may well be that the continued payment of blood-money to healthy, competent divorcees will never entirely cease until this country has in this respect at least caught up with

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Russia. Until that time comes, the gradual discontinuance of the alimony system as practiced at present can come only by making it unpopular and disgraceful, instead of popular and honorable. What women need to develop is what Racine calls being "jealous of an austere pride." When that has become their second nature, not even motherhood will persuade wives to accept from their abandoned husbands more than the bare support of their children—perhaps, if they are able to maintain their families and the children are exclusively in their custody, not even that.

Such scrupulosity may awaken only raucous laughter from the kind of women who consider that "a diamond bracelet lasts forever." But if the feminist attitude is to mean anything real in the minds of the women of our age and the next, anything less than that scrupulosity would be intolerable. Marriage must be free and equal, or civilized life is unendurable. And it can never be either free or equal while our present system of alimony continues.

# Honoré Daumier (1808-1879)

By LOUIS LOZOWICK

POLITICAL satire, whether pictorial or literary, is in its very nature partisan and implies therefore a more or less unstable social state in which conflicting political philosophies, changing attitudes, and fluid opinions are a normal phenomenon. Not that it is uncommon under absolutism—but its attack must then be made in indirect, often in veiled symbolic form. This was the case with Lucas Cranach, Pieter Breughel, Hogarth; this was the case with Goya who made the most withering arraignment of the Inquisition and the clerics. But the fullest florescence of pictorial satire comes with periods of social upheavals and fundamental economic transformations. The Renaissance, the Reformation, and in much larger measure the great French Revolution and subsequent events in the nineteenth century; the Socialist movement, the Great War, and the Russian Revolution in the twentieth are examples in point. The French Revolution especially and the attendant growth of the press and of popular government gave that impetus to caricature which led to its ever-expanding growth and made it so all-pervasive that no political, social, or economic battle is now fought without its aid.

Honoré Daumier, the fiftieth anniversary of whose death was recently commemorated, was the most powerful pictorial satirist of the nineteenth century. Having lived and worked during the tumultuous revolutions of 1830, 1848, and 1870, having witnessed the growth of colonialism, the development of international rivalries, the steady rise of the bourgeoisie, he concentrated in his art, more than any one artist of the time, the revolutionary energies of the French people, their revolt against economic exploitation and political chicane. His synoptic picture of nineteenth-century France, comprehending the manners and morals of French financiers, politicians, militarists, artists, and plain bourgeois in every walk of life has been justly compared to Balzac's Comédie Humaine.

Quite in contrast with the variety of his art is the extreme simplicity of his biography. Born in 1808 in Marseille his family moved to Paris in 1814. His father, a glazier with literary ambitions, had managed to have his verse published, but this was attended with no success. Since parents seldom learn, he was naturally opposed to his son's study of art; but since children seldom obey, Honoré finally did turn to art after having served as errand boy, grocery clerk, and bookseller. He quickly mastered the essentials of drawing, learned the lithographic process, and managed to earn a small income. His proletarian origins and associations and the rising tide of revolt made him a fierce republican. His early acquaintance with the journalist, publisher, and political firebrand, Charles Philippon, fixed him more firmly in his beliefs and determined his subsequent career. The hopes raised by the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 and the disillusions following them, the savage suppression of nonconformist groups, the growing militarization of the country, and particularly the tendency of *enrichissez-vous* made Daumier constantly more embittered. In Philippon's *La Caricature* he sent out an endless stream of annihilating satire against the reign of the vacillating and self-seeking Louis-Philippe, *roi-poire*. The caricature Gargantua (1831), showing with crude Rabelaisian directness the traffic in ministerial portfolios, army positions, and such, cost Daumier six months of imprisonment. In 1834 Daumier made his famous La rue Transnonain, a harrowing incident, the brutal massacre by the King's punitive expedition of an entire worker's family, from the infants to the very old. In 1835 *La Caricature* was suppressed and the laws against the press were made more strict (ten thousand francs the minimum fine for insulting the King!). Philippon continued his work though more cautiously in *Le Charivari* with Daumier still as constant contributor; but the latter was forced to turn to social instead of political satire. Then came the revolution of 1848. Daumier's exultation was short lived. The Bonapartist adventurer and charlatan first rose to the presidency and then staged the coup d'état of 1851. Once more the laws against the press forced Daumier into other than direct criticism of the state. He turned his caustic analysis upon the reaction and revolution outside of France—in Austria, Germany, Italy, England, and especially Russia.

The wide variety of his interests as much as his great gifts saved his work from the monotony and repetitiousness which is the fate of most caricature. The radical cartoonist who employs his talent in the service of a revolutionary idea usually fights on two fronts: he flays unmercifully the shortcomings of the class which is his enemy and portrays eloquently the heroism of the class which is his ally. In the end, if endlessly repeated, his generalizations become too obvious to command serious attention, thus defeating their own purpose. Daumier escaped this fate by showing the monarchist and bourgeois not alone as criminal but also as stupid, not alone as parasitic but also as philistine. In his numerous series (Delteil catalogues about 4,000 of his lithographs) Gens de Justice, Robert Macaire, Histoire Ancienne, Scènes Parlementaires, and so on, he showed them as members of parliament and army and as members of a club and a family. Occasionally the prevalent abysmal dishonesty and stupidity rendered him pessimistic, as when he represented progress in the form of a blindfolded horse har-

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nessed to a treadmill or as a row of snails in slow procession. But generally he had faith in man and he poured forth his faith in a superb artistry.

In any caricature or cartoon the message obviously attracts the spectator's attention first, but it is the manner in which it is delivered that makes the message convincing and keeps the attention bound. For it is a curious fact that caricature in which the theme is of such paramount importance, which is therefore essentially illustrative and literary, employs means purely aesthetic and abstract. When the artist uses a line to show the contour of a face and then fills part of this contour with black to indicate shadow, he uses conventional elements that have no counterpart in the person portrayed. And it is the plastically effective distribution of these and other elements of a similar nature that enhances the appeal of the message. In this respect Daumier had few equals. Balzac said he had "Michel-Ange sous la peau." And indeed his marvelous knowledge of the human body is evident despite all exaggeration. Without the use of a model Daumier could give the most subtle facial expression and the most difficult bodily position with the greatest economy of means. And he knew how to bring out the fine grainy quality of the stone, the texture of the etched line, and the velvety blacks and grays of the lithographic crayon.

What a great artist he was is clear from his water colors, oils, and sculpture done in the limited spare time he found in the fifties and sixties. Though a large share of his all-too-few paintings (less than a hundred oils and about twice as many water colors) was left unfinished, many individual examples are masterpieces of the first order. They show a predilection for chiaroscuro and contrast (which caused him to be compared to Rembrandt), dramatic movement and characterization. Of Don Quixote, which was his favorite book, he left more than a dozen versions. His technique was simple and his palette limited to blacks, grays, browns, golden ochre, and more rarely other colors, but these few colors were excellently utilized. In his Rousseau, Berlioz, and others he showed the makings of a fine portraitist, and in such works as The Blacksmith, Washerwoman, and others he was one of the first and to this day one of the best to represent labor themes without any saccharine sentimentality. The first exhibition of his paintings a year before his death was successful only in small measure. After his death, however, particularly after the second exhibition in 1900, his works rose in price tremendously and inevitably became an object of speculation. During his life Daumier's paintings were appreciated by only a few; he was considered chiefly a great caricaturist. Now critical opinion has moved in the opposite direction; the regnant individualism in art criticism—an exact reflection of competitive and individualistic society—tends to consider him as the pure artist and to discount his radicalism even in his caricature. The truth is he was both great artist and excellent propagandist and only anarchic society can find contradiction in this. Of course his propaganda judged by the standards of today has lost some of its edge. He was, in sum, only an honest republican and humanitarian fighting the shams of his day.

But viewed—as he must be—in historic perspective, Daumier was a great rebel, just as judged by present-day standards he was a great artist. This is why Daumier stands out as one of the great men of the nineteenth century.

# In the Driftway

THERE is no doubt how the Drifter ought to begin this comment. He ought to begin by saying that he has no wish to gloat over the discomfiture of Joan Lowell and her publishers in the exposure of "The Cradle of the Deep" as a hoax but he thinks his readers are entitled to the facts, etc., etc. But however orthodox (perhaps because of that), such a statement would be the baldest hypocrisy. The Drifter does want to gloat over the exposure to the full extent of his space. For neither Miss Lowell nor her publishers have eaten half as much crow as the circumstances call for. Thanks to investigations for which the Drifter believes Lincoln Colcord deserves the major credit, newspapers both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts—and doubtless all the way between—have lately printed information proving that "The Cradle of the Deep" is not autobiography, as it was presented to the public, but the crudest kind of humbug. Joan Lowell did not grow up from the age of eleven months to seventeen years aboard a South Seas trading schooner where there was no other woman. Apparently she took occasional trips with her father, but not so often or for so long as to prevent her getting enough schooling to be graduated from a high-school in Berkeley, California, at about the time she says she left the sea. The log of the Minnie A. Caine shows that Joan's mother, and either a brother or sister, were aboard at least some of the time; and, finally, the schooner did not go up in fire on the high seas while the members of the crew saved themselves by swimming three miles at night to a lightship. The vessel caught fire at a dock in Adelaide, was scuttled by the crew to save her, was later repaired, *and is still afloat.*

* * * * *

IN answer to all this Simon and Schuster, the publishers, have issued a statement in which they say:

> A literal, letter-perfect autobiography was never intended by the author, nor was it featured as such by the publishers. We now discover that there is a considerably larger element of *romanticized fact* [the italics are the Drifter's] interwoven with the underlying sequence of truthful narrative than we had at first realized, but after the most careful scrutiny we are still satisfied that the essential honesty of Joan's yarn remains unassailable.

Against this statement the Drifter begs to place an earlier announcement of the publishers which described the book as "the straightaway story of Joan Lowell's first seventeen years . . . the log of her life at sea, set down by her own hand without benefit of ghost-writer." In reviewing the book in *The Nation* of April 3, Arthur Warner quoted that claim and said of the book: "So it is either that or it is outrageous deception, entitled to the same contempt as Frederick A. Cook's narrative of his alleged discovery of the North Pole."

* * * * *

GENTLE commentators on the exposure of "The Cradle of the Deep" have said that the book has now been revealed as fiction. Not at all. It is too late to call it fiction; it has been revealed as falsehood.

THE DRIFTER

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# Correspondence

## Wheat, Butter, and Eggs

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Drew Pearson's High Tariff Diplomacy he gives as an illustration of his thesis how a higher tariff on the driblet of corn coming in from Argentina would be apt to affect the price of corn for the Middle Western farmer.

Here are some concrete illustrations taken from the 1927 Year Book of the Department of Commerce that strengthen his thesis. In 1927 the United States produced 871,000,000 bushels of wheat and imported 13,250,000 bushels. To show how significant this importation is in affecting the price of wheat in the country, let us consider a county seat in North Dakota near the Canadian line. A day in the fall sixty-seven farmers have driven into this town with loads of wheat to be sold at its elevators. On the same day one load of wheat comes into that town from across the Canadian border. In competition with the sixty-seven other loads what chance has that one load to affect the price of wheat in that town? Yet that is the proportion of imported wheat to that grown here.

According to the 1927 Year Book the United States in 1927 produced 2,067,000,000 pounds of butter and in the same year imported 10,000,000 pounds. To get the significance of this importation let us take a dairy town in southern Wisconsin. Into this town on a Saturday morning come twenty farmers with their wives, bringing with them on the average ten pounds of butter, or 200 pounds in all. From an Illinois farm across the border comes an old farmer with one pound of butter in his old Ford. What chance has that old farmer's one pound of butter to affect the price of butter in the town's market? Yet that is the proportion of butter being imported.

In 1927 according to the Year Book we produced in the United States 1,913,000,000 dozen eggs and in the same year we imported 296,000 dozen. Imagine a town in northern Pennsylvania into which the poultry men of the vicinity bring 1,667 dozen eggs in a day. On the same day into this town from across the New York border comes an old lady with a basket of eggs. She goes into one of the stores, folds back her white napkin, and asks the storekeeper how much he will give her for her three eggs. How much chance have the old lady's three eggs to affect the price of eggs in that town? Yet that is the proportion of imported eggs to the eggs produced here.

*Madison, Wisconsin, March 20* H. B. S.

## The Shanghai Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Although British die-hards in Shanghai are just as guilty of fomenting international hatreds as are the jingoes of Japanese or American nationality I am prompted to call attention to a misstatement on the part of an anonymous correspondent in *The Nation* of March 6. He holds that the British business interests in Shanghai have used their influence in the new Foreign Y. M. C. A.—an institution erected chiefly with American funds—to discriminate against American marines. He states that British officers are admitted to membership whereas 200 American marines who applied were refused a similar privilege. The new Foreign Y. M. C. A. in Shanghai was built to accommodate the needs of the civilian population. American enlisted men have a modern building of their own in Shanghai, a building which, except in times when the concentration of foreign military and naval forces in Shanghai is abnormally heavy, is fairly adequate. The Foreign Y. M. C. A. could not admit enlisted men to membership without surrendering the purpose for which the funds for the building were provided. European and American officers, without distinction as to nationality, are admitted to membership. The fact that several British officers have availed themselves of the privilege and that American enlisted men have been refused, is of no more significance than the fact that British enlisted men cannot be members and American officers can.

*Berkeley, Cal., March 10* Harry Kingman

## Medical Aid for Strikers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Let me appeal through your paper to those of your readers who are medical doctors for the foundation of a permanent radical medical society whose members, being friendly to the workers' cause, would agree to give free consultations to working people who are on strike and as long as they are on strike. In the last few years several organizations connected with striking workers have addressed themselves to me for names of physicians who would volunteer their services. Each time I receive such a request I am able to supply but one name. (Dispensaries, with their charity atmosphere, are usually inadequate and many workers prefer their illness to the treatment they get there.) Of course, such a society, if its members desired, might widen its scope and become a center for the study of workers' health from the industrial, economic, and social viewpoint. In Europe socialist, communist, and liberal medical societies have been functioning for years.

*New York, March 30* B. Liber

## The Sacco Alibi

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Whether I omitted it or whether space requirements led you to omit it I cannot be sure. But what seems to me the most significant point in the episode was left out of my piece on President Lowell and the Sacco Alibi in your April 3 issue. That point is President Lowell's absolute violation of the principle on which, as he declared in his report to the Governor, he and his associates carried out their investigation of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. With the exception of the testimony of Judge Thayer, the jurors, District Attorney Katzmann, Chief Justice Hall, and "what came incidentally in an inspection of the scene of the murder and a visit to Sacco, Vanzetti, and Madeiros in prison," he said in that report, "all testimony has been submitted to the committee in the presence of both counsel; nor had any member of the committee received evidence separately. Such a course has seemed to us desirable in order to give counsel an opportunity to meet and rebut any evidence presented to us. . . ."

At the instigation of President Lowell, President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had privately interviewed former editor Williams of the Boston *Transcript* in Washington, D. C., to confirm the supposed discrediting of the alibi witnesses, Bosco and Guadagni. What was that but receiving "evidence separately"? I do not like to appear fanatical by reason of laboring a point, but I submit that this violation of their expressed principle of procedure raises not only serious questions as to the characters of President Lowell and his associates, but also as to the quality of the community which accepts them as leaders.

*Boston, March 28* Gardner Jackson

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# Books, Music, Plays

## A Lighted Open Door

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

There is something perilous about
A lighted open door with no one there.
The light pours out as if it would escape
From something that would make a person stare.

People do not leave doors open so
When all is well with them inside their walls.
There is something new arrived tonight,
Something new and something that appals.

A guest expected is not asked to sit
With all the world of darkness asked in, too;
We never ask our friends to take a chair
Where unseen passersby have them in view.

Open doors mean welcome during day,
But open doors at night far different things;
Prayer, perhaps, or sudden hate or pain—
Something that comes to seek us wearing wings.

It may be that a wife has looked so sharp
The nimbus has slipped off her husband's head;
It may be that the youngest heir to grief
Is tasting his first breath upon a bed.

Or maybe that tall woman who is last
To come of those we burn for through the years
Is sitting by her lover and her hands
Smooth away the trouble of his tears.

## An English Fairy Tale

*The True Heart.* By Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. $2.50.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER is achieving a distinction frequently, and often inaccurately, claimed by admiring American publishers for their authors. She is doing something "different" and something possibly significant from the standpoint of literary history.

The Germans invented a form of fiction which, for the confusion of foreigners, they named a "Novelle." It is not a novel. It is too long for a simple story, and its content is as elusive of definition as its length. Eichendorff used it in his "Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts" and Chamisso in his more famous "Peter Schlemihl." Sudermann might, if he wished, have given the title to his "Frau Sorge," and, as regards content, Miss Warner comes nearer to Sudermann than the others. Any "Novelle" bears lightly the burden of actuality and is liable at any moment to slip from under it and assume a cloak strongly reminiscent of a plain fairy-tale. Miss Warner in "The True Heart" has eschewed the fantastic, and even her queen is named and described as Victoria. Yet Miss Warner's work has a quality that tempts one to declare she is introducing a new genre in English literature.

Sukey Bond, her heroine, is an orphan whose motherly instincts are first suggested by her attempts to keep track of her brothers and sisters from the institution, in which she is incarcerated. They never appear in the book personally. Sukey is sent on graduation to a farm on Essex marshland. She gets a job there as servant, thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Seaborn, the orphanage patron, who for the girl typifies all that is beautiful and kindly in life. On the farm Sukey meets, without at first knowing it, Mrs. Seaborn's epileptic son, Eric, who has been sacrificed to his mother's social ambitions. They fall in love. Before their story achieves a happy ending—and it is happy despite the epilepsy—Eric's father, a Southend rector, has to die; Mrs. Seaborn has to be revealed in her true character, humiliated and driven mad; Sukey has to see the Queen and get a signed Bible she discards, and to find herself as the mother of Eric's child.

Miss Warner's prose runs as softly as the "sweet Thames" of a certain poet. Very rarely does its smooth current disturb the reader even by an arresting phrase. Except when the long arm of coincidence reaches out to snatch Sukey from the Covent Garden Market to an audience in Buckingham Palace, the incidents of the narrative are acceptable and accepted. That audience shows how far Miss Warner falls short of the German users of the "Novelle" form. Sukey might easily have seen a queen—in German. Wasn't she sweet as an English primrose and mightn't she have happened on the Queen in a lane? The intrusion of Victoria, red-faced, short, and pop-eyed, disturbs the picture. And Miss Warner puts in the mouth of one character a eulogy of Victoria as leader of the Empire, which is entirely out of place.

The genuine German fairy-tale quality is lacking in Miss Warner's writing—more in "The True Heart" than in "Lolly Willowes." And yet there is that indication of a desire to escape realities that is characteristic of nations during their birth-throes and their decline. Before they achieved the Free State, the Irish called their country "Kathleen ni Houlahain," and mystic poets were their prophets. The Russians, before the Soviet victory, presented the world with a literature, the psychological background of which was a defeatist philosophy. Now the Irish are writing frank criticism of social conditions, and the Russians are advertising their optimistic energy to an astounded world. Neither nation is afraid of its enemies or itself any longer. England at the moment is afraid of both, and it is hard for sensitive artists to face the facts. Galsworthy has tried to do it and declined in the trying. Huxley is a frank futilitarian. Wells has run amuck among his Utopias.

When Miss Warner trusts her instinct as an artist and forgets the Empire, she never fails. The Sukey Bonds and Eric Seaborns are the type produced by England now, a far cry from Fielding's and Dickens's heroines and heroes but not a type any enduring nation should refuse to acknowledge. There is endurance in both, a spiritual endurance which is what England now needs. Their story, spun to novel length and form, would be suggestive of decadence, and there is no decadence in this book. Sukey and Eric are set in the old English landscape, always reminiscent even when not smelling of the sea. They have the sane English sense of true human values. Eric may be called an "idiot," but you know that his children and Sukey's will be no physical misfits but merely the healthy, country-bred descendants of hyper-sensitive parents and possibly conquerors of a new world, in which physical dominion has lost its significance. Miss Warner has done well both by her country and herself in this book. Significantly she falls between two stools both as regards form and content, but that only proves that she is true to her time.

NORAH MEADE

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# Some New Mosaic Tablets

*The Rediscovery of America. An Introduction to a Philosophy of American Life.* By Waldo Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

A YEAR or so ago the *New Republic* gave Mr. Waldo Frank an important assignment; the sort of assignment which a liberal publication committed to honor, intelligence, and altruism as the instruments of human control and development might properly give to a distinguished contributor. The assignment was nothing less than that of assisting God in the laborious business of achieving a great synthesis, a high destiny for America. Why not? Mr. Frank is a writer, and a writer is, or may be, a kind of priest. And waiving, for the moment, the moot question of divine intention —or lack of intention—one must grant at once that Mr. Frank, as collaborator, is both able and humble. Out of these articles, which have been appearing serially in the *New Republic,* Mr. Frank has made a book which he calls "The Rediscovery of America." That is not quite accurate. Although the book contains much excellent analysis of objective phenomena, Mr. Frank, as usual, writes less as sociologist than as prophet. What he has really done is to struggle, desperately at times, to bring the profounder realities of American experience into consciousness, and out of them to trace, tentatively, some new Mosaic tablets for a country which is today essentially irreligious and also essentially chaotic.

A grandiose enterprise with plenty of precedents. Probably Mr. Frank is himself aware how closely his concepts parallel those of the prophets of his own racial tradition: for example, the mystic Word, author of the mystic Whole; the Sojourn in the Wilderness—the American Jungle; the Dispersion—the crumbling of the Mediterranean Whole; "Give unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's"—Mr. Frank's criticism of the Cult of Power; the Chosen People—the Group.

I am confident that many readers of Mr. Frank's book will find themselves not merely checking this list but extending it. Even the basis of his argument is, in a sense, classic. For the primitives who created the Garden of Eden legend, subjective concepts were not enough; the ideal state had to have a locus and a climate. Similarly, Mr. Frank invokes a preexistent Paradise with which to compare his contemporary chaos. It is the Christian Whole of Europe, the medieval synthesis of church and state into which all the Mediterranean cultures blended indistinguishably, and which wrought such revelations of God-in-man as Chartres cathedral.

Inevitably, Mr. Frank's Paradise has a Tree: the Renaissance science of Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler starting the steady disintegration of the medieval cosmos, which was uninterrupted for five hundred years and which is climaxed in our own time by the Einsteinian physics.

America, populated with the neurotic dissenters and seceders generated by the progressive crumbling of the Mediterranean Whole, thus becomes the grave of Europe's psychic and cultural disintegration; and American history, in Mr. Frank's analysis, is largely a record of compensatory responses to the trauma with which the youth of the nation was burdened. The fathers have eaten bitter grapes; the children's teeth are set on edge—for conquest, and for power; for action, which with a fragmented group psyche as with an individual psyche, may be a kind of decay. By these compensations the discovery of selfhood is thwarted and postponed; America cannot even be born until it has buried the corpse of Europe's death. What will the true America be when and if it is born? Mr. Frank guesses tentatively that it will flower from the humus of our pre-Colonial Amerindian cultures; that it will be conditioned less by our Old World inheritances than by a true and uninhibited mystical response to the soil and climate of our own land.

Such a synopsis almost inevitably does violence to the scope and content of Mr. Frank's argument, but it is necessary in order to give meaning to one's criticisms. These are, first, the crass reaction of the copy desk: I think Mr. Frank has overwritten his assignment. Perhaps I am unduly suspicious of eloquence. But I cannot forget Woodrow Wilson any more than can Mr. Frank; and I also recall that Einstein said it in four pages. I would like to turn this into a compliment if possible. Mr. Frank is an alert, sensitive, and serious critic; as such he qualifies exceptionally for the responsibilities of social engineer. But if he is to serve as well as interest us, is it not proper to demand a severer style, a chaster molding of his structures?

My second criticism is to question his basic assumption. Did the Divine Eye ever witness the sort of Mediterranean Whole which Mr. Frank describes? Not being a historian, I cannot be positive. But I doubt it, since all history—indeed all life—seems to me to be best described as a system of power-tensions. That includes, incidentally, the cathedral spires of France, and the simple, earth-rooted French peasant as well as the constitution of the atom.

Finally, I question the method of growth by groups which Mr. Frank propounds in his concluding chapters. The method, if I must again risk the distortion of abbreviated restatement, is for you and me and everybody to stop thinking and acting as single and separate individuals, and begin thinking and acting as unit functions of the whole, i.e., God. At this point Mr. Frank hastily explains in a footnote that he doesn't mean to think and act like Gurjieff. What does he mean? Does he seriously believe that such a formula will generate any sort of effective group action? If individuals differ in their conceptions of God—which is exactly where they do differ—will they not necessarily differ and collide as unit functions of these highly various deities? Is Mr. Frank saying to us anything more revolutionary than "Don't be selfish"—which is what individuals constitutionally *are?*

If I stopped here, Mr. Frank might with some propriety charge me with being a superficial and irresponsible Son of Chaos. True, I have no formula to oppose to his except perhaps this: that it seems to me rather sensible for a human being, like any other atom, to find a force in his environment, organize around it, and begin to accumulate the very thing that worries Mr. Frank—power. That was the Russian process, of which Mr. Frank does not disapprove; in fact, it would appear to be one of the classic human processes. There are at least two powerful available forces in the American environment: the will-to-power of a dispossessed class, and the enormous revolutionary potential of applied science. Granted that science is no messiah—false or true. Granted that it enlarges and complicates the environment, without necessarily liberating the individual or integrating the group; it may even, as Mr. Frank quite properly points out, make both the individual and the group profoundly "uncomfortable"; it may and does cause a dangerous diffusion of the integrating, what-saying ego into mechanistic adaptations. Nevertheless, science has this important effect: it is steadily and increasingly rendering obsolete practically all the social, economic, and political institutions and mores of our European inheritance. It is creating a new, fluid, electrical field for revolutionary thought and action. How should this new field be approached? Mystically, with Mr. Frank, or mechanistically with the Communists —although their concept of "collectivism" is perhaps equally mystic? Can Mr. Frank induce the Communist to join his group and will they agree about the Whole? Not, I should say, unless there is some controlling intention in the universe,

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other than human intention. Is it possible that neither Mr. Frank nor the Communists have entirely outgrown their animistic deities?

It occurs to me that Mr. Frank may welcome such queries, since, having written an interesting and stimulating book, he proposes to write others bearing upon the crucial problems of human synthesis. In suggesting these questions I do not wish to appear ungrateful for Mr. Frank's genuinely important critical services. The critical sections of his book—for example the brilliant and penetrating chapters entitled Gods and Cults of Power, News Is a Toy, and The American Jungle seem to me, in fact, his most interesting and valuable contributions.

JAMES RORTY

# Our Medieval Hangover

*The Outline of Bunk.* By E. Haldeman-Julius. The Stratford Company. $4.

MR. HALDEMAN-JULIUS is on the whole well satisfied with the modern world. He is sure that we live in the most enlightened age which history has yet to record. But we suffer, he finds, from a medieval hangover. "There is still an extensive prestige of bunk that is grotesquely incompatible with our civilization." Into the margin of incompatibility an author proceeds to wade with seven-league boots upon his feet, a sledge-hammer in one hand, and a fowling-piece in the other. It is a lively trip with fauna expiring in all directions.

There once was a Congressman from North Carolina who, to use Mr. Mencken's phrase, was the perfect geyser of pish-posh. Granted the floor, he could spout more nonsense in less time than any Congressman who ever graced the highest legislative halls of the Republic. Which is saying something. He hailed from Buncombe County. Shortly after the Great Struggle for Democracy, a journalist shortened the word to bunk, and as such it is now firmly, if indeed not too firmly, implanted in the American language. Personally I think its heyday was achieved with W. E. Woodward's first book, and now—like the popular brands of blasphemy—it begins to wear a little thin.

As defined by the author it means a tricky, specious appeal to the mob, without reason, sense, or sound knowledge to support it. "Bunk is contrary to fact; will not bear examination but falls to pieces like the shoddy thing it is. Bunk is, intellectually regarded, the lowest form of human expression." Before reading a dozen pages one feels that Mr. Haldeman-Julius belongs to that slightly antiquated school of debunkers who have never recovered from reading Paine and Ingersoll, and so reserve their choicest barbs for the hides of parsons. Religion, they hold, is the bunk supreme. So we start with a good thumping chapter on religion and proceed therefrom to government, the military, morals in general, sex in particular, history, public opinion, mysticism, and finally to a category of super bunk-shooters. Here they are. With no desire to cry amen, I give them in the order named:

> Calvin Coolidge, Warren G. Harding, Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Alfred E. Smith, Herbert Hoover, Senator Heflin, Congressman Blanton, Nicholas Murray Butler, Senator Reed, William Jennings Bryan, John Roach Straton, Rev. W. B. Riley, Rev. T. T. Martin, Billy Sunday, Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, Ralph Parlette, Rudyard Kipling, Rabbi Wise, Mary Baker Eddy, "one Fillmore," Aimee McPherson, Will Hays, Anthony Comstock, Mr. Sumner, J. Frank Chase, "one Bowlby," F. Scott McBride, Lucy Page Gaston, J. Frank Norris, Dr. Frank Crane, Arthur Brisbane, Eddie Guest, Alfred Lord Tennyson, S. Parkes Cadman, Ralph Waldo Trine, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Dr. Millikan, Bruce Barton.

The latter half of the book is given over to a consideration of the arts and sciences which are at war with bunk as defined. Here we find a roster on the other side of the fence—the super debunkers. By assiduous research I have collected them and present them, again with no amens, and again in order:

> Leonardo, Erasmus, Bacon, Huxley, Thomas Paine, Robert G. Ingersoll, Darwin, Wallace, W. K. Clifford, Voltaire, Goethe, Montaigne, Omar Khayyam, Anatole France, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, Georg Brandes, Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, Joseph McCabe (apparently the prince of them all), Galsworthy, Bennett, Aldous Huxley, George Moore, Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, Gorky, Romain Rolland, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Schnitzler, D. H. Lawrence, Eugene O'Neill, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, W. E. Woodward, Upton Sinclair, T. S. Stribling, Herbert Asbury.

These categories will give the temper which animates Mr. Haldeman-Julius, better than could any words of mine.

STUART CHASE

# New Ways with Children

*The Child and the World. Dialogues in Modern Education.* By Margaret Naumburg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IN education as in politics the members of a liberal movement are more likely to agree as to what is wrong with the existing order than in the details of the order which is to replace it. A movement known as "progressive education" in America and as the "new education" in Europe has sprung up during the last twenty or thirty years and has given rise to a considerable number of so-called progressive schools. These schools differ very widely among themselves, but all agree in criticizing certain features of conventional education. This book, by the founder of the Walden School in New York City, is a new attempt to express the philosophy which underlies this movement in education.

Progressive educators have criticized conventional education on the grounds that its methods are too much like those of a factory, that its psychology is not sufficiently subtle and, therefore, pays too little heed to the individual peculiarities of children, that its curriculum is too stereotyped and formal, that it gives too little opportunity for spontaneity and initiative, and that such forms of self-expression as art, handicrafts, and music are grossly neglected.

Some of these defects can be remedied more easily than others. For example, the practical difficulties in the way of introducing more art, handicrafts, dramatics, and music are not very great, and in most progressive schools it will be found that admirable work is being done along these lines; but when we come to other questions the matter is much more difficult. We are agreed that in the conventional school the students have too little freedom. It takes but little experience of progressive education in practice to know that children who spend their out-of-school hours in a conventional world can easily be given too much freedom in school. Hence, we find in practice enormous differences in the answers given to this question by different progressive schools. The same divergences are to be found in the matter of technics. One progressive educator may greatly admire the Dalton Plan because of the oppor-

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tunity which it gives for individual development; another will detest it because it does so much to desocialize the school. To what extent ought the child to feel a member of a group pursuing common purposes to which his own interests must be subordinate? We have no agreed answer to this question and in practice we all give different answers.

The book under review takes the form of dialogues and in the opinion of the present reviewer is much marred by this fact. Various people connected with the school, such as parents, psychologists, visitors from other schools, discuss in groups almost every problem in which an educator could be interested, from such matters as intelligence tests to the meaning of existence. The dialogue form in this case makes the book much longer than it need be in order to state its message effectively and the dialogues themselves do not seem to express effectively the divergent points of view which are possible. After having read the book one feels that one has read a review of modern thought, but one doubts whether a skeptic about modern education wishing to learn more, but knowing little, would come away from a perusal of the book with any very definite idea of Miss Naumburg's solution of the difficulties.

Nevertheless, Miss Naumburg is probably wise in avoiding definite answers, since no definite answers can, in general, be known to be true. Those who have thought most deeply and candidly about their experiences in schools probably feel least dogmatic in regard to what ought to be done. Teaching is still an art and not a science, and little is gained by neglecting this fact. Miss Naumburg's book has great value in adumbrating a philosophy in the light of which educational problems may be considered. My only regret is that she did not gain space for a more thorough discussion by sacrificing a form which led to much unnecessary repetition. The book may be recommended to those who wish to gain a bird's-eye view of progressive educational philosophy.

WILLIAM B. CURRY

# Romantics Enthroned

*Procession of Lovers.* By Lloyd Morris. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

SAPPHO, the Magdalene, Theodora, Abelard, la Grande Mademoiselle, Kit Marlowe, Michelangelo—these are the figures in the procession evoked by Mr. Morris. They move on the intangible sands of their traditions and lend their ghostly rather than their real essences to his pages. Yet his work cannot be judged by standards applicable to biography, fictional, historic, or antiquarian. It is an art more limited, more precious, more rigorously poetical. It is the art of wresting from biography the form of pure narrative; of fashioning this into a metaphor for a philosophy, an attitude to life. With a single gesture each story attempts to turn tradition, fantasy, fact into one beautiful thing worth experiencing for itself; and each story falls just short of its ambitious goal.

The terrace above the Mediterranean with its evening sky, its princesse and her group of guests who tell the stories, is a musical-comedy setting; a shaky stage for the drama of heavenly and earthly passions in procession. About half way through the book one of these tellers reflects that "the romantics" have been running away with the evening. The reader is inclined to assent; nor is he relieved by the wooden comedy of la Mademoiselle which follows, or the vitality of Kit Marlowe himself. Rather is he inclined to ask why humor should be left alien to love, and why it should seem to have no real place in this show?

Mr. Morris, however, is at his best with "the romantics." The story on the theme of Sappho is lovely, fragile, and far away. It is a prelude for an exquisite line from her poetry. The tales about the Magdalene and Michelangelo possess scenes sensually beautiful and moments of tragic penetration. But the story of Abelard and Heloise, because its movement is untouched by theatricality, because it is hard, lyrical irony, demonstrates in a superb manner the unconquerable limitations of this art. Here the tragic legend with its nobility elevates the reader to a plane of contemplation from which Mr. Morris's version (the finest thing in his book) appears less noble and more transient than it should. One recalls the fact that biography may master magnificence; that Mr. Morris himself in "The Rebellious Puritan" did not fail to convey solemn emotions. But such books are conceived upon very different principles. Here, when Mr. Morris attempts to encompass the life-span of the Empress Theodora, he fails utterly. With Abelard, therefore, one is forced to become skeptical even of possibilities.

Thus it is that Mr. Morris, by avoiding the smart irreverence of our day, characteristic of fictional biographies, and by attempting instead the most permanent, the purest poetry in fiction, has achieved but an indefinite confusion of fiction with fact in a somewhat purple prose. Perhaps it is our age, or the insurmountable rigors of his art, that is responsible—who can tell? Yet it is clear that the conscious conception behind this book has produced a form vaguely realized, neither real nor transcendental. And it is this conception, romantic, ostentatious, fragile, that has turned what should have been a collection of distinguished narratives into "pleasant reading" for a long vacation or a short.

HENRY LADD

# Greek Art

*The Sculpture and Sculptors of the Greeks.* By Gisela M. A. Richter. Yale University Press. $35.

WHETHER or not history can tell us anything conclusive about the past, it can at least remove our superstitions regarding the present, and this is one of the many values of Miss Richter's book on Greek sculpture and sculptors. A current popular belief about art is that the best results are attained when one accepts the condition of the medium. Thus ancient sculpture is said to be better than modern because the old sculptors carved directly into the stone whereas ours point from clay models which are, of course, built rather than cut. But in Miss Richter's book we learn that the ancient statues were made by piecing together the several features after they had been cut from separate pieces of stone. So while it is true that the work of these artists was affected by the stone, the total effect was not conditioned by the "block," since the block never existed. Moreover, if it is deleterious to transfer one's conception from clay to stone, it should be equally so to carry over the conception of stone into clay or its result, bronze. But no one will contend that Greek bronzes are inferior to Greek marbles. Again, the Greeks painted their statues as did sculptors during the Renaissance. Today we talk about getting the "wooden effects" in a wood engraving, and putting the "clay feeling" into a dish. It is sad to think of the "stone values" that the Greeks lost because of their paint.

As to the book itself, it has two parts: Greek sculpture and Greek sculptors. The first is at once an appreciation and a history of this sculpture. Its development was from the symbolic to the naturalistic, and Miss Richter traces it in every possible way, in the drapery, the head, the figure in different positions. For the purpose of this study she became herself a sculptress, which seems to have resulted in an enthusi-

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asm for following the rendition of minutiae, such as the tear duct, through the centuries. But as many of the ancient writers valued art according to the success with which it fooled the birds and beasts, perhaps this is the right approach. A much more interesting part of the book is that devoted to the individual sculptors. She takes up the evidence concerning each, handles it with the lucidity which her admirers have come to expect of her, and by keeping her conclusions within the bounds of what is known, accomplishes a rare and admirable feat. But perhaps the best feature of this volume is its illustrations, not far from eight hundred in number, beautifully selected and well arranged.

WALTER GUTMAN

# Books in Brief

*A Bookman's Daybook.* By Burton Rascoe. Edited with an Introduction by C. Hartley Grattan. Horace Liveright. $3.

When Burton Rascoe came out of the West in 1922 to edit the literary pages of the New York *Herald Tribune* he brought with him the freshness of an unkillable enthusiasm and the rashness of an unquenchable candor. With enough curiosity to kill nine cats he made his way into every gathering where literature was being plotted; he made innumerable friends among poets, playwrights, editors, and critics; he read night and day; and he wrote on Sunday a page of critical gossip which became so famous that people looked there to see if their names were mentioned—half hoping that they were not, and wholly disappointed if such was the case. Mr. Rascoe kept no secrets and spared no personalities; if he liked you he said so liberally, and if you disgusted him you saw the whole world reading about it within a week. Mr. Grattan's selection from this delightful chatter is most welcome, showing as it does that Mr. Rascoe during the two years of his eminence was more after all than a gossip. He was a lover of brave letters as well, and a most valiant defender of them. The volume must take its place among the valuable records of twentieth-century American literature and life.

*The Gardener's Bed-Book.* By Richardson Wright. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

"All gardeners read in bed," and find their gardens exciting; and Mr. Wright provides, from a fulness of experience, bed-reading matter for every day in the year, ranging from willow-bark and beer to violet gardens and onions.

*Quakers in Action.* By Lester M. Jones. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A comprehensive and enthusiastic summary of the Quaker work for human brotherhood, ranging from the war-time work in France, the child feeding in Germany, Poland, and Russia, to relief work among the Pennsylvania miners and the effort of young Quakers to find in peace crusades and social service some peace-time moral equivalent for war.

*Aspects of Anglo-American Relations.* By K. Capper Johnson and John Middleton Frankland. Yale University Press. $2.

The chief interest of this volume lies in the circumstances of its origin. The authors, undergraduates respectively at Oxford and Yale, won the prize offered annually by the Brooks-Bright Foundation established "with the fundamental purpose of promoting permanent friendship and understanding between Great Britain, the British Dominions, and the United States by avoiding any taint of sentimentality and dealing only in fundamental causes that are the source of real difficulties," and

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their essays are the first of the series to be published. Mr. Johnson appraises the historical significance of the American Revolution in the development of the British Commonwealth of Nations, while Mr. Frankland studies the influence of international trade upon British-American relations. The essays, both of which exhibit commendable industry and judgment in the examination of material and the presentation of conclusions, are encouraging examples of the attention which some undergraduates, at least, are giving to the study of history and international relations at two great universities, at the same time that they suggest an intellectual maturity that promises well for fuure work.

# Music

## Among the Recitalists

II

THERE is something legendary in Mr. Rachmaninoff's playing, something epic in the power and force of his conceptions. He plays Beethoven with prophetic vision and Chopin in the truly grand manner.

Few pianists have succeeded in molding the sonata in B-flat Minor with such noble largesse of contour and at the same time such exalted but austere heroism. Indeed, Mr. Rachmaninoff has advanced beyond the stage of what is often miscalled pianism—that is, merely bringing the composer's intentions into close rapport with his own virtuosity and the powers of display offered by the instrument. On the contrary, this pianist, as he again demonstrated at his recent recital, is wholly absorbed in the process of merging his own personality and the power of his instrument in the reincarnation of the composer's message. And so in his reading of the Funeral March of this truly Olympian sonata, that element of Byronic sentimentality which so often over-romanticizes this work was conspicuously absent. It became under his fingers a processional, stark and elemental, but wholly an integral part of the sonata to which it so eloquently belongs.

There have been more highly emotionalized performances of this work, renderings which seemed to glimpse the very soul of Poland as it lies revealed in Chopin's masterpiece; but for sincerity of mood and commanding sweep of movement this interpretation was unique. In short, according to Mr. Rachmaninoff's conception, the man of wisdom, the nobler Chopin, emerges, as only a few pianists have the power or will of evoking it. Too often this composer's intentions are marred or distorted by capricious reading, or the love of technical display on the part of the performer.

In his revealing of the later Beethoven likewise the pianist displayed that depth of sympathy and understanding which comes only as the tribute of one composer's spirit to another. In Opus 109, as in all the last sonatas, the prophet and the seer speaks his final word in hallowed but sometimes groping utterances. This utterance, thanks to Mr. Rachmaninoff's reverent handling, was Beethoven unalloyed and unadulterated. The Schumann Papillons, with all their whimsicality, were a delightful foil to these works in the larger frame. Performed with complete mastery of line and perspective, they missed out just a bit on the side of introspective charm and waywardness, qualities which so indelibly distinguish the youthful romanticist. Of his own compatriots, Medtner and Scriabin, Mr. Rachmaninoff gave a wholly eloquent account; and so ended a recital that taken all in all proved the finest exposition of the pianist's art that we have heard here during the passing season.

LAWRENCE ADLER

# Drama

## Passed by the Censor

WHEN three unexpected guests arrive at a lonely inn on a stormy night one usually assumes that nothing less than a murder is afoot, but upon the particular occasion which is the subject of Mr. Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand" (Booth Theater) Destiny is in one of her milder moods, for true love is off its course and help is needed. The stern father (a yeoman who keeps the inn and knows his place) can remember what happened when his great-aunt went buggy-riding with one of her superiors and he cannot be brought to believe that a Rolls-Royce, piloted by a young man of quality, is a safer place. The daughter, on the other hand, is in danger of forgetting that much is to be said on both sides, and since Mr. Drinkwater is determined that all of it shall be particularized at considerable length he allows Destiny to summon just the spokesmen required.

They come in the persons of a kindly K. C., a philosophical cockney who "travels in sardines," and a brash young man who has learned to say "step on the gas" at King's. Called from their beds by the fracas which arises when the daughter returns, they resolve themselves into an informal, pajama-clad court, and so great is their combined tact that they depart next morning with everything settled. One of those mysterious prophecies which is always recalled by someone at the appropriate moment when the scion of a proud house is about to ally himself with a daughter of the country-side is finally evoked, and after it has been recited there is no reason why the audience should not go home with its mind completely at rest.

From these remarks it ought to be evident that "Bird in Hand" is no very highly original contribution to dramatic art. Its fable is far from novel and its machinery is perfectly conventional. Philosophical cockneys are as common in English comedy as stern fathers, and everybody chooses an inn when it becomes necessary to assemble an improbably heterogeneous group of human beings. Yet this particular play was one of the hits of last year in London and promises to have a prosperous career here. The reason is simply that, for the conventionality of its situation and for all the banality of its thesis, it is pretty consistently lively and amusing. The characters are sharply drawn and, incidentally, very well enacted by the English company, the dialogue is intelligent if not brilliant, and the humor genuine if not particularly incisive.

"Bird in Hand" suffers only from that all-pervading mildness which in general characterizes Mr. Drinkwater's plays. He is so persistently amiable, so laboriously reasonable, and so impeccably right-thinking about everything that no one can get very enthusiastic about him except those compilers of "white lists" who are anxious above all to find a play to which no possible objection can be raised. Blameless is the adjective which no one can deny him the right to wear, and he is more inveterately kindly than even Mr. Galsworthy himself. Inevitably one finds oneself awarding him praise and blame as mild as himself, and it is very difficult to summon either great enthusiasm or any more malice than the very small amount necessary to remark that sweet reasonableness is not the kind of sweetness which should be quite so long drawn out. It seems, none the less, to be absorbed in generous doses by audiences in both England and the United States.

"Jonesey" (Bijou Theater) has no pretensions either artistic or intellectual. It is a boisterous, irresponsible, and rowdy farce which happens to be quite consistently funny. It is rather difficult to remember what it is about, but that doesn't matter.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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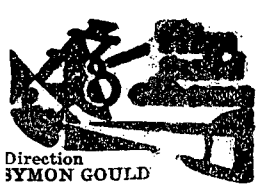
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# International Relations Section

## The Hebrew University

By BEN M. SELEKMAN

IN all pioneering ventures there is romance and sweep that create sagas for generations that follow. We in the United States today, as the epoch of the frontier obviously recedes into the past, are discovering how deep its influences have reached into our life. In the story of that crowded nineteenth century after the revolution is mirrored the whole growth of a civilization—the conquest of a continent. The epoch of the pioneer in America is over; the land of refuge has closed its gates; a civilization slowly takes distinctive form and character.

The very ending of the American epic becomes one influence in the emergence of a new one. Only one influence, of course, for long before America closed its gates to the persecuted of Eastern Europe, Jews had dreamed of restoring the old homeland in Zion. The dream is now taking on the substance of reality, and many who once would have looked to the "golden land" for succor or escape now turn to the barren hills of Palestine. Their adventure is entirely unique.

History has modeled the Jew almost wholly in the urban cast. Yet the exigencies of the post-war world—revolutionary Russia, hostile Poland, inhospitable America—are returning this city folk to the land—the hard soil of Palestine, the richer expanses of the Crimea. The Jewish pioneer, the Chalutz, takes up in Palestine all those tasks for which the long centuries between exile and return have ostensibly unfitted him. He brings to them not only the zest and spirit of an age-old ideal, not only the will to fashion a unified group life for his people, but the approach and method of that Western civilization which has been his home for all these years.

His new-old home is small, its soil neglected, its resources meager. But as a Westerner, he brings to it modern agriculture, irrigation, electricity, reclamation. To disease of desert and swamp he applies the research technique of modern science. To the capital needs of a poor country he attracts the voluntarily assessed taxes of Jewry everywhere. To the problems of physical creation, he offers—the sweat of his brow. For the Arab majority already in the land the Jew promises not the extermination that the white fringe along the Atlantic ultimately brought the red man, but a steadily improving standard of life.

But above all else one craving drives the Chaultz on. Unlike any other pioneers the world has ever seen, even as he toils on the stubborn soil and builds roads and fights disease, he seeks to revitalize his thought and culture which to his mind give all the rest its ultimate reason for being. So he names his newly forming streets after the philosophers and poets of his people and builds a university even as he plants his first farms.

Dedicated on April 21, 1925, the Hebrew University in Palestine is only four years old—in its very infancy as universities go. Yet its achievements are already noteworthy. Six institutes (the university is organized on the Continental model) and a library have already been established. About fifty scientists and scholars have been gathered from all parts of the world, under the chancellorship of Dr. Judah L. Magnes. They are now at work applying the modern scientific method and spirit both to the study of the three great cultures—Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan—which have had their birth in Palestine and also to practical problems of health, fertilization, and reconstruction. They pursue their fields under conditions of complete freedom and without fear of discrimination and prejudice—a condition unknown to them before, particularly if they came from universities of Eastern Europe. For the Hebrew University is a free university, with no thesis to establish but dedicated wholly to the pursuit of truth.

The Institute of Jewish Studies is devoting itself to a new survey of Jewish history, the Talmud, Hebrew jurisprudence, ethics, literature, and contemporary Jewish sociology. Heretofore such studies have been carried on largely in connection with theological seminaries. They were not always free from religious bias. At the university the most vigorous tests of historical methodology are applied, and obviously it is a great advantage to study the history of a people in the country of its origin.

Similarly, the Institute of Oriental Studies is engaged in a scientific study of the various elements constituting Arab civilization. Since Arab poetry is a key to Moslem culture, this institute is preparing a concordance of classic Arab poetry. Thirty thousand words have already been classified—truly a gigantic piece of research.

The Institutes of Chemistry, Natural History, Mathematics and Physics, and Microbiology are devoting themselves to problems in their respective fields with which all people of Palestine are confronted—Christians and Arabs as well as Jews. The study of diseases of the Near East has already reached an advanced stage.

The personnel of the Academic Council is a guaranty that only the highest scientific standards will prevail. Albert Einstein is chairman, and associated with him are such eminent scholars as Emanuel Libman of Columbia University, E. Landau of Göttingen, Sigmund Freud of Vienna, and L. S. Ornstein of Utrecht. Indeed until this year the university was only a graduate research institution. But now due to the insistent demand for facilities for higher education, the university admits undergraduates—but in one faculty only, the Faculty of Humanities. About 250 students registered, half of them from countries other than Palestine, mainly from Eastern Europe where Jewish men and women suffer from the restriction of the *numerus clausus*.

The story of the library of the Hebrew University presents in miniature the spirit that permeates the entire venture. This house of books was raised stone upon stone by a bookish people who welcomed the chance to earn bread even in the (for them) unwonted labor of the building trades, who thrilled to the cultural significance of what they were doing.

The building they completed—the Wolffsohn Memorial Building—will be formally opened on April 29, during Passover week. The library will at last have a home of its own. Seldom in history has so young a library been able to assemble 200,000 volumes from all parts of the world. Even less frequently has it been privileged to possess such rare manuscripts—from the "Haggadoth" of the Middle Ages to so

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# *ATHEIST REPORT*

"Hillbillyism," "The Arkansas Campaign," "The Masonic Church," "Atheism Over the Radio," "The Straton Case," and "Cohesive Catholics" are some of the titles in the Third Annual Report of the A. A. A. A., covering the present warfare between Science and Religion.

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modern a document as Professor Einstein's original draft of the Theory of Relativity.

The actual job of construction played an important part in the economic life of Palestine. Built by Jewish labor, most of its materials coming from Palestine, it afforded, during the two and a half years of its erection, a living for three hundred families. Approximately two hundred men and women were engaged on the construction of the building; another hundred in the preparation of materials. Students from the university furnished the unskilled labor battalion. Obviously "high-hat" snobbishness had no place here. Women, not usual in the building trades, worked here side by side with men. In fact their hands did all the tiling and some of the stone-dressing. They, too, were pioneers from Eastern Europe and just as efficient. Indeed in one case, where a husband and wife were employed at stone-dressing, the wife was much more skilful, her earnings averaging twice those of her husband. The principle of equal pay for equal work, for which women have been fighting all these years elsewhere, was established at once.

The welfare and comfort of the men and women were given every consideration. The eight-hour working day began at seven and ended at four, except in summer, when it ran from six to three to save one hour from the heat of the afternoon sun. Four showers were installed where the workers could clean and refresh themselves at the day's end.

And now the Wolffsohn Memorial Building stands high on Mount Scopus, that beautiful campus replete with landmarks of Israel's heroic past and linked now in the student mind with promise of a new and glorious future. On one side lies Jerusalem with its towers and cupolas; on the other, the hills of Judaea, the Dead Sea, and beyond the Jordan Valley the delicately colored hills of Moab.

Simple, dignified, and graceful with its arches and dome, the library covers an area of about 1,000 square meters. It contains a large reading room, a circulation room, five book-stack rooms, two reading rooms for instructors, one large exhibition room, a number of rooms for duplicate books, a newspaper room, a magazine reading room, two rooms for research workers, and a strong room for valuable manuscripts.

The workers spoke Hebrew. Occasional excitement might spontaneously evoke their European mother tongues, but like all Palestinian pioneers they were alertly on guard against such reversions. Nor did they neglect cultural pursuits. It was not unusual to see these building trade workers reading Bergson, Tolstoy, Ahad Ha-Am during their lunch period. Their work was conscientious to a degree and a characteristic esprit prevailed. They seemed always motivated by a concept of themselves not merely as workmen but as members of a community dedicated to the rebuilding of Zion.

There is a great deal of folk-singing in Palestine. Already the Jews there seek explanations. Some will tell you it is the inevitable response to the sunny climate; others that it springs from the fact that so many young people have come to Palestine. Certainly the workers on the library were much in the hot sun; they were also young. At any rate, they sang—at work and during lunch, and on the bus riding home. Occasionally they sang songs of their childhood; at times Chassidic tunes and melodies of the liturgy. But most often they sang the songs of the Chalutz, the songs expressing the ardent hope, the determined will, that despite all difficulties, their homeland will be rebuilt.

## Contributors to This Issue

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD wrote "The War Against Evolution" in *The Nation* of May 20, 1925.

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